

MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

**SHOULD CHRIST BE ALLOWED IN
THE CLASSROOM?** *By Fred Bodsworth*

The Dutiful Daughters of the Empire

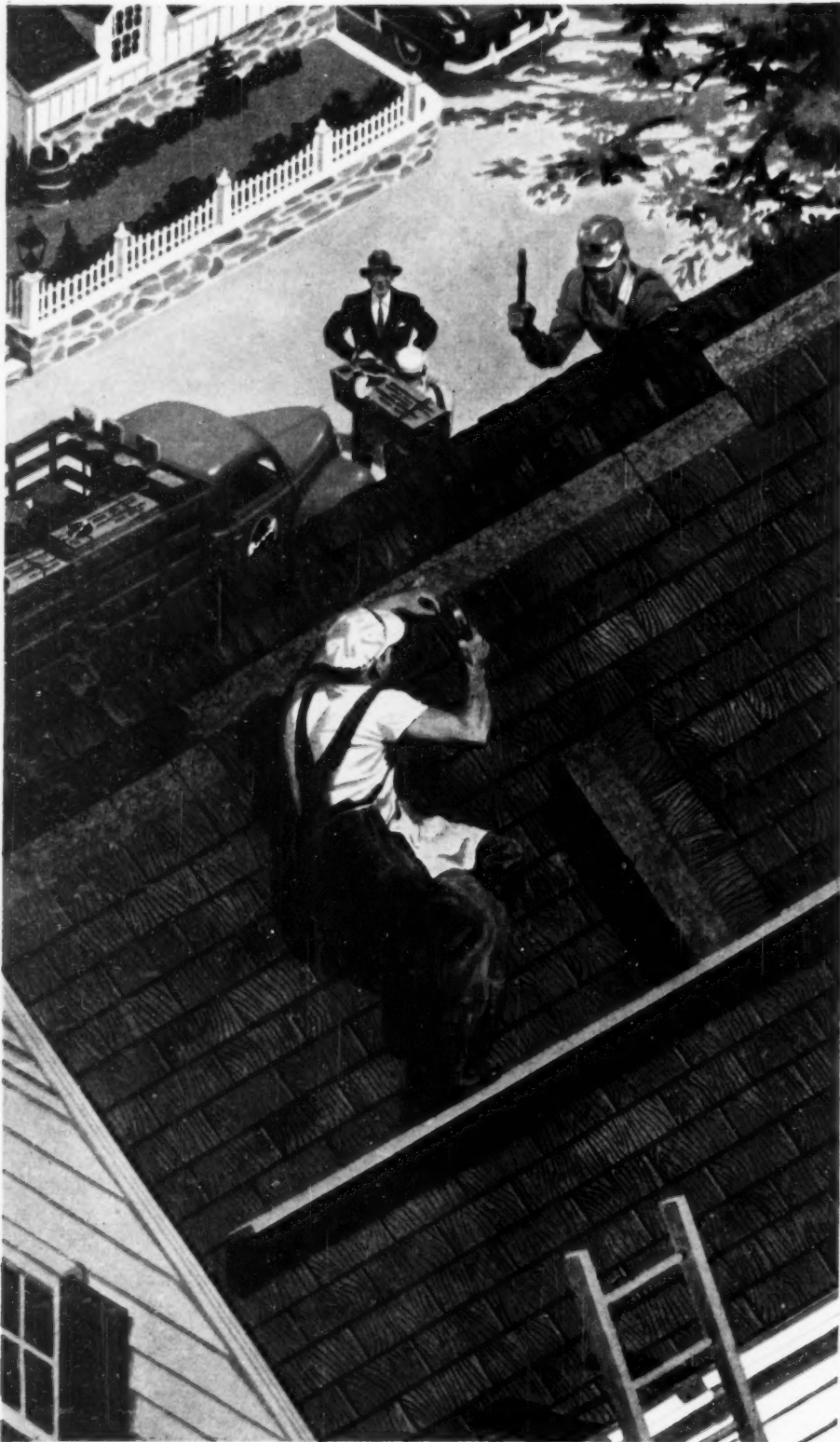
**Big Donald, The Man At The
CNR Throttle** *By BLAIR FRASER*



SIGHT-SEEING
STREETCAR,
MONTREAL

REX WOODS -
87

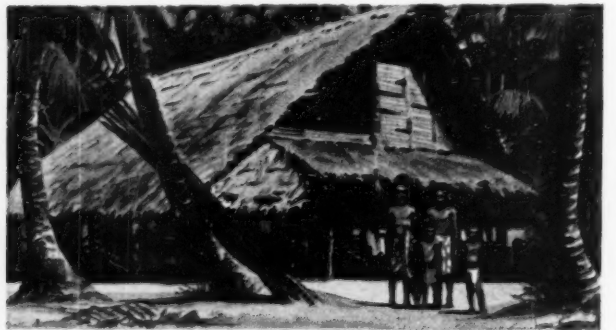
BARRETT TAKES YOU ON A PICTURE-TOUR OF ROOFS AROUND THE WORLD



IN PREHISTORIC TIMES, men made roofs from twigs, grass, hides—whatever was handy. A modern, scientifically designed roof like the one you see at the left, with its colorful Barrett Shingles, combining beauty, utility and low-cost, represents the culmination of thousands of years of development in man's search for better shelter.



SOD ROOFS lend a picturesque touch to many of the homes of Norway. They have two big advantages: You never have to paint them, and if you own a goat, he keeps them trim. BARRETT Asphalt Shingles don't have to be painted either, and—unlike the roofs of Norway—they withstand the fiercest of the elements.



THATCHED ROOFS were probably the invention of Neanderthal man, and they're still common in many South Sea islands. They help keep the natives cool, but they're not too dependable when the rains come. And, in dry weather, they burn like tinder. Americans can be especially thankful for the fire-resistance of modern, water-proof BARRETT Asphalt Shingles.



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EDITORIAL

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

THIS is the time of year when many Canadians feel most grateful that they live in a land of space and trees and water. It is also the time when many others realize most poignantly that, for them, these scenic splendors are as remote and unreal as a postcard from the foot of the Great Pyramid.

To tens of thousands of city dwellers a trek to the Great Outdoors means nothing more exciting than rolling a hoop down a cement sidewalk or sitting out on the front porch beating off the houseflies with the evening paper. For hundreds of thousands it means, at best, a long slow drive on a crowded highway in search of a place to stop for a picnic, a swim, or a spot of sunbathing or fishing.

Canada's Great Outdoors is divided into three parts.

The first, and in many ways the most precious, part is the part that's closest to the largest centres of population. With some notable exceptions, this has already been destroyed by our foolish passion for turning lakes and rivers into mere sanitary and commercial conveniences and hacking down every tree that can be replaced with a pile of bricks.

Adjoining this nature-lover's Hiroshima there's a kind of buffer zone, most of it within easy reach, theoretically, of any refugee from civilization but in fact permanently reserved for the people who got there first. Almost any Sunday driver can spend a pleasant day tooling the wife and kids through the buffer zone, but when he seeks a place to light he is confronted by a formidable set of hazards. He'll run the gantlet of angry bulls; farmers who, naturally, don't want their fences trampled down and their fields inundated with stale

potato salad; summer cottagers who, naturally, don't want strangers invading their privacy; resort owners who, naturally, must reserve their property for the paying guests; and, saddest of all, the hordes of other Sunday drivers who are heading for the same tiny patch of unbespoken beach or unpreempted shade that he himself is heading for.

Beyond the buffer zone is the true kingdom of the true outdoors, where there's room for everybody, and everybody, more or less, is welcome. Most of our magnificent national and provincial parks lie in this domain, as do a million square miles of wilderness and semiwilderness. It's wonderful country, but in the main it's Tourist Country; it's too far away for the city man who only wants to shuck off his working clothes and get the family away from the heat for a few hours or, at most, a two-day week end.

We have no ready remedy for these melancholy conditions. It's already too late, except at great expense, to correct the senseless damage we have done to nature in the building of our cities. It's too late to do much about our neglect, in the planning of public parklands outside the cities, to provide for the many people who have neither the time nor the money to travel long distances for outdoor recreation.

It's not too late, however, to draw lessons for the future. As our large towns grow to small cities and our small cities to large cities, we'll do well to remember that, to the average community, a few acres of shade trees close by or a mile or two of open beach within a ninety-minute drive is a far greater asset than all the distant tourist heavens put together.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

TWO years ago Maclean's carried the first story to appear in any national magazine about Walt Kelly, the creator of *Pogo* and the rest of "nature's screechers" who inhabit the famous comic-strip swamp that has its headquarters on a drawing board in Connecticut. With this issue Kelly returns (page 18) to illustrate R. T. Allen's article



about the porcupine with inspired drawings of *Pogo's* friend, *Porkypine*. . . When June Callwood went to New York recently to do the story on page 12 her work took her naturally enough to the famed and flossy Copacabana. After she had sat at the same table two nights running the head-waiter sidled over and asked her if it were true that she was the new swing-shift chorus girl in the leggy Copacabana. June thanked him for the rumor and explained how

necessary it was to get on with her story and, besides, she had a date to go on a picnic with her husband and three children as soon as she returned to Toronto. . . Blair Fraser, our Ottawa editor, finished the story about Donald Gordon (page 8) at North Hatley, where he spends his summers. Fraser recently won the first President's Medal, a national award for the best magazine article written last year by a Canadian. His exclusive story, *The Secret Life of Mackenzie King, Spiritualist*, in our Dec. 15 issue, was the winner.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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A voice out of the past... Some messages never grow old—because the truths they express are enduring. One such message is reprinted here. It appeared 30 years ago this month as the first of the Metropolitan's health advertisements.

The Land of Unborn Babies

IN Maeterlinck's play —
"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land — all mist blue — where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds — not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home — cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivaling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born —
the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation — the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation is weak, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies —
die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them.

Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures — all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks — the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The call is being heard —
by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

All this is merely a beginning —
The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation — healthy babies — each of whom must have its rightful heritage — An Even Chance — a healthy body.

The call will not be answered until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.



Babies of 1952 have a far better chance of growing up to be sturdy and healthy than did boys and girls who were born in 1922, the year in which "The Land of Unborn Babies" appeared.

In fact, the great gains that have been made in protecting child health—through diet, immunizations, and knowledge of infant growth and development—represent one of medicine's greatest triumphs.

Today, the infant mortality rate is, by all odds, the lowest in history. Equally heartening has been the drop in maternal mortality rates. At present the chances of an expectant mother surviving childbirth are better than 999 out of 1000 in Canada! In these figures there is truly a story of human and social progress.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Head Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



WE, THE TORIES, BELIEVE . . .

I AM A READER of Maclean's as well as a contributor and when the magazine arrives I browse through its pages with the interest of an exile hearing news from home. As a matter of fact Maclean's is quite a traveler. I have run across many people in darkest Scotland, sunny Jamaica and even New York who are subscribers or, in some cases, "dead-heads" who have it sent to them after their Canadian friends have finished with it.

One of the liveliest features is the letter column and from time to time I have noticed that the attitude of some of the correspondents toward the London Letter is "this side idolatry." That is as it should be. Woe unto the writer whom all men speak well of. But woe as well to the writer whom no one speaks well of.

One of the accusations against me is that I am a Conservative, a charge to which I must plead guilty. But man is a political animal and we live in times when government encroaches more and more upon the lives of the people. A man must be something, either a Liberal, a Tory, a Socialist, a Communist, a Social Crediter, a fellow traveler, or some such thing. It is true that there was a politician in France who ran seven times for parliament with this placard:

Vote for
Jacques Dupont
OPPORTUNIST



Aneurin Bevan

but, surprisingly, he was never elected. One might have thought that the Gallic sense of irony would have appreciated such candor.

Allow me to repeat: I am a Conservative. It does not mean that I regard the Conservative Party as the treasury of all the talents or the only well of wisdom. Nor do I think that the leaders of the Conservative Party in Canada or Britain are men incapable of making mistakes. In fact the present Conservative Government at Westminster has committed a surprising number of blunders in the short time since it was returned to power.

A Gallup survey last week showed that five people out of six think the socialists will win the next election. It does not mean that five people out of six will vote socialist; they are just hazarding their opinion.



Duke of Devonshire

As an individual I am also entitled to an opinion and, therefore, I shall prophesy that the Conservatives will not be defeated but will be returned again. Nor have I been a bad prophet in the past. In the pages of Maclean's I predicted a Tory débâcle in 1945 (and what a débâcle it was!), a stalemate in 1950, and a Tory victory in 1951. If you throw in the prophecy that Truman would defeat Dewey it is not a bad list.

There is much about socialism that appeals to the heart. To give the underdog a chance, to care for the sick and the needy, to remove the spectre of financial ruin through sickness, to pension the old so that there will be sunshine in late autumn . . . all this is an expression of the Christian faith. Few men of decent instincts would deny the appeal of such a political philosophy.

The socialists at Westminster are not wild men, nor is there any real hatred between them and the Conservatives. One night recently in the members' dining room I saw Aneurin Bevan alone at a table so we dined together in full view. We are old friends and, although politically further apart than the poles, there is no personal dislike between us.

Let me give you another personal example of the humanitarianism behind the fierce political struggle in Britain. There was a big prize fight at the White City and the directors were good enough to invite me to it, sending a ringside seat, and a chauffeur's seat somewhat farther off. It was impossible to leave the House of Commons on that evening unless one paired with a member of the Opposition so I asked George Thomas, who sits as a Labor MP for Cardiff, if he would like to be my "chauffeur" for a night. He willingly agreed and off we went together. He was great fun and I was

Continued on page 20



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

in the U. S. Elections

A Convention — Or an Election?

LAST April Henry Zweifel, Republican national committeeman for Texas, made a statement which has been much quoted. "I'd rather lose the election with Taft," Zweifel said, "than win with Eisenhower."

To Canadians that may seem an emotional overstatement, one that he didn't really mean, or else an outburst from the lunatic fringe. It was neither. For Zweifel and for many another solid Republican it was a precise statement of fact which accounts, in large measure, for the astonishing bitterness of the 1952 campaign in its earlier stages.

Two very different groups of Republicans shared Zweifel's view. The most prominent, represented by Zweifel himself, is a group loosely called "professional politicians."

The phrase is misleading. Plenty of professional politicians backed General Eisenhower. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, educated for the United States Senate since boyhood, is certainly no amateur. Neither is Governor Thomas Dewey, of New York, or Senator James Duff, of Pennsylvania. Not only are these men professionals, they are a great deal more successful and eminent in their profession than Henry Zweifel. But Zweifel is different. He is a professional whose job does not depend on elections, and that is the vital distinction.

South of the Mason and Dixon Line it is almost true to say there is no Republican Party. There are Republicans (four hundred thousand of them voted for Dewey in 1948, in Texas alone) but they are not organized and they do not bother to run candidates in local or mu-

nicipal elections. Most of them are registered as Democrats in order to be able to vote in the Democratic primaries, which are the only elections held at all for local and municipal office.

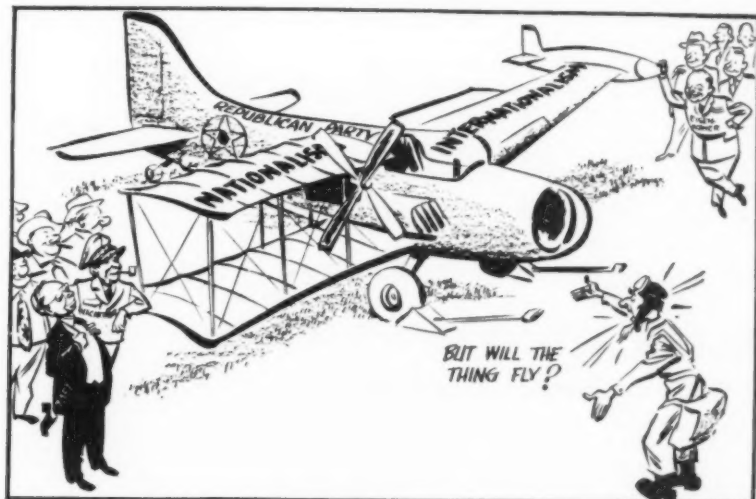
In these southern states the open, identifiable Republican organization is made up of a handful of men to most of whom politics is a livelihood. Nominally they are lawyers, real-estate agents, salesmen or what not, who in many cases have not been particularly successful in those occupations; actually they derive most of their incomes from politics, either directly or indirectly.

Zweifel, for example, makes a full-time job of being national committeeman. He maintains a commodious office, two secretaries and an executive assistant in Fort Worth. Other so-called professionals may be lawyers who get cases referred to them by big eastern firms because of their Republican connection, or people of other occupations who feed upon other crumbs from the rich Republican table.

Still others, like millionaire Walter Hallanan, of Virginia, need no financial support from politics but depend upon their status in the Republican Party for personal and social prestige. To such men as this, loss of their controlling influence in the party would be as bitter a blow as loss of a job to a poorer colleague.

These men know Bob Taft by his first name, and he knows them by theirs. They know they would be safe with Taft. Eisenhower is as much a stranger to them as they to him; how could they depend on his favor and support?

They have *Continued on page 53*



Cartoon by Grassick

New Chlorodent

Clean Fresh Mouth All Day!



CONTAINS UP TO **5 TIMES MORE**
ACTIVE CHLOROPHYLL

Get all the benefits of this miracle substance!

A Chlorophyll toothpaste can do wonders for you—if it contains enough active chlorophyll.

So remember—Chlorodent gives you up to 5 times more active chlorophyll than other chlorophyll toothpastes. And no other dentifrice maker can use the Chlorodent formula, because it's patented.

New freedom from MOUTH ODORS!

In hundreds of actual tests, Chlorodent stopped mouth odor for hours . . . far longer than ordinary white toothpaste. By using Chlorodent regularly—preferably after meals—you can be free of bad breath all day!

Combats common GUM TROUBLES!

Chlorodent promotes the growth of firm, healthy-pink tissue. If you are

troubled with tender gums, you will definitely want to use Chlorodent.

Fights TOOTH DECAY!



Chlorodent removes mouth acids that "eat" into tooth enamel . . . and the bacteria which cause them. Keeps teeth so clean that bacteria find it difficult to multiply. No other toothpaste offers better protection!

Keeps teeth CLEANEST!

Leading dental scientists tested major dentifrices—chlorophyll, ammoniated and regular. Actual color photos proved that Chlorodent was the most effective tooth cleanser!

No other toothpaste can give you all these benefits. So, insist on Chlorodent. Buy a tube today!

* Water-soluble chlorophyllins

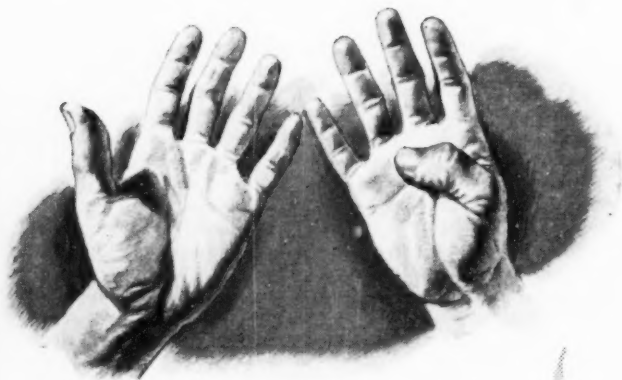
Chlorodent

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9

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for PAYING BILLS ... Business and household finances may be handled quickly and safely through a B of M Chequing Account. You avoid the risk of carrying large sums of money in pocket or purse ... save time, trouble and expense in paying bills ... and your cancelled cheque becomes your receipt.



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WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Should Christ be Allowed in the Classroom?

More Canadian children than ever before are receiving religious instruction in their public schools while parents, churches and school boards wage a bitter double-barreled debate: Can education really be education if it neglects spiritual matters? But can anything as personal as religion be taught simultaneously to pupils of differing creeds?

By FRED BODSWORTH

RELIGION, once as rigidly excluded as sex from the average Canadian classroom, is returning to our public schools amid the rumblings of a debate as old as the nation and as fundamental as Christianity itself.

One of the traditional principles on which Canada's public-school system was built—the rigid separation of church and state in educational affairs—has been modified until today only four Canadian provinces still have laws which unconditionally forbid religious instruction in publicly supported schools. Yet the issue of religion in schools, on which even people of like religious beliefs often find it impossible to agree, has lost none of its power to stir Canadian teachers, parents and clergymen to bitter disagreement.

Roman Catholics are largely outside the controversy, for in five of Canada's ten provinces they operate their own separate schools in which religion can be stressed without denominational disagreement. But close to seventy percent of Canadian elementary students attend public nondenominational schools in which the problem of how much religion to teach and how to teach it becomes highly controversial because classes are of mixed faiths.

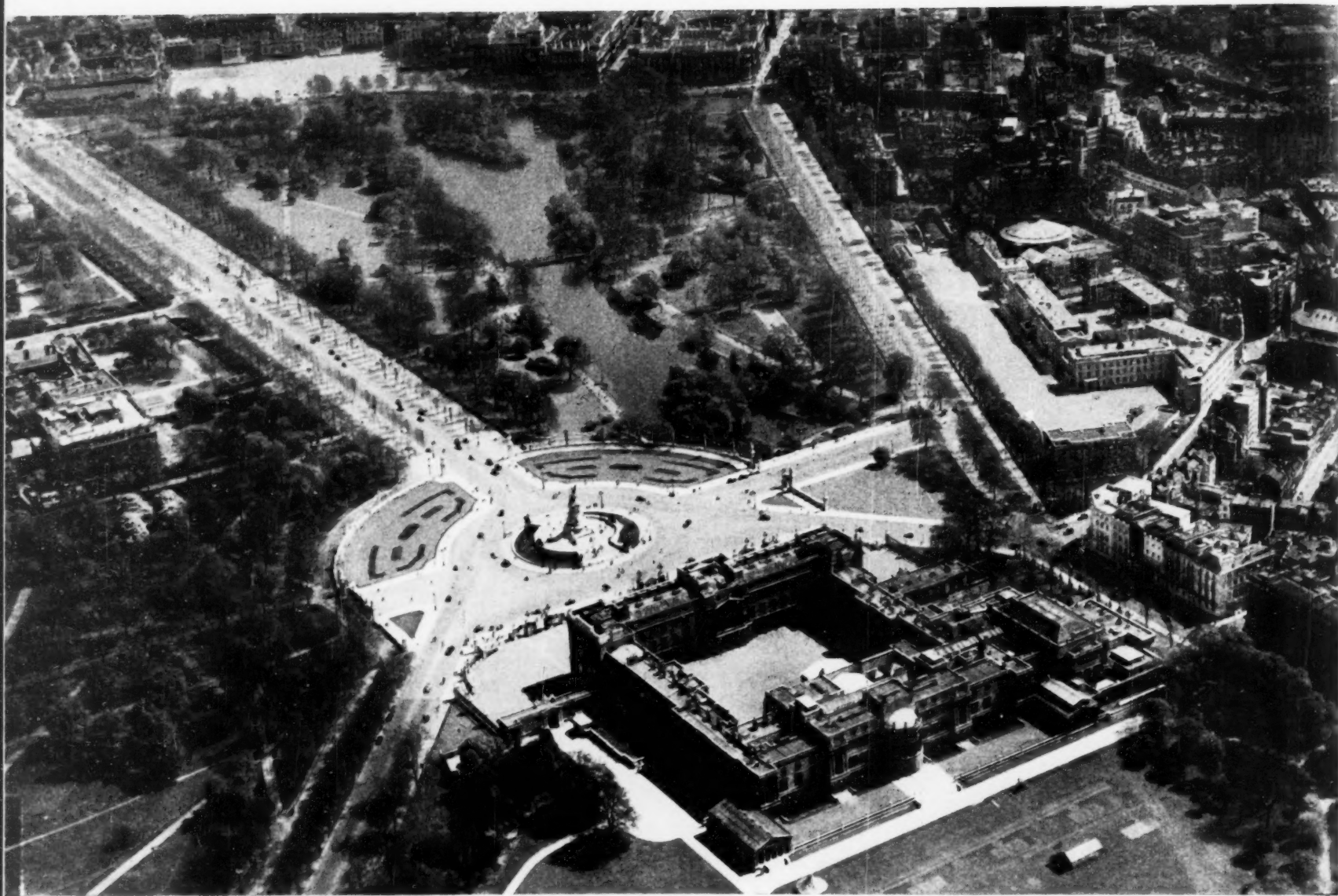
Many parents and educators feel that religious education for all children is an urgent need in a modern world that seems to have lost sight of the moral and spiritual values which formed the groundwork of our civilization. Thousands of members of minority religious groups fight it violently because they fear their children will be subjected to the propaganda of rival faiths. Others oppose it arguing that when a government prescribes religious instruction it infringes on rights which belong exclusively to the individual and his church. State-directed religion in public schools, they say, amounts to partial abolition of democracy's traditional freedom of religion. Furthermore, they argue that any course in religion which can be taught in a class of mixed faiths without offending some of those faiths must be a watered-down, nondenominational religion which falls short of being a satisfactory religion at all.

The controversy is as old as formal education itself. Bible teaching and religion naturally assumed an important place in Canada's pioneer schools. Canadian pioneers were God-fearing people and most settlements were composed of members holding similar religious beliefs, so there were few grounds for disagreement. But as population grew, so did the number of disagreeing religious factions. With Confederation, education became a provincial responsibility and school courses had to be standardized on a provincial basis. Because of the growth of religious denominationalism—each denomination with its own interpretation of Scripture—it became increasingly difficult to agree on religious instruction that would satisfy all. Amid bickering of sect against sect educational authorities had to keep chopping down the religious content of the school courses. Eventually, well before the turn of the century, religion was banished entirely from the public-school courses of most provinces and the separation of church and state in the educational field became a widely defended policy.

By the 1920s religious instruction in public schools was forbidden by law in many provinces. In others optional clauses in the school acts permitted religious education if the local boards desired it—and very few of them did. Even religious exercises—the opening or closing of school with prayers, Bible reading or hymns—were barred by a great many school boards. In British Columbia it was debated whether the National Anthem should be sung in schools, since it is actually a prayer.

Around 1930 the wisdom of complete removal of religion from the schools began to be questioned by many people who had once favored the removal. Religion slowly began returning to school courses. During World War

Continued on page 29



This new aerial view of Buckingham Palace in summer shows only part of the sixty acres of gardens and parks that surround it. George IV built it.

BUCK HOUSE

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

Behind a screen of plainclothesmen, burglar alarms, watchdogs and servants who gripe pretty much like the hired girl next door, the young Queen runs a palace so large that no one knows how many rooms it has

THE OTHER DAY a highly placed morning-coated Buckingham Palace official said a bit thinly, "We work on the principle that once inside this place it becomes a private matter. It's the Queen's home."

Yet Buckingham Palace, the 614-room (or 690-room—nobody's ever arrived at the same count of rooms twice) house of the Queen, in the heart of London, amid sixty acres of garden and parkland, has probably been stared at more often, more steadily and by more people, than any other home on the globe.

You can't pass the high iron gates fencing the forecourt and the bland outer approach of the palace, either in fog or sunshine, drizzle or sleet, morning or midnight, without finding at least a few people peering thoughtfully through the railings. What they look for, what they expect to find and what they do find, can possibly be answered in another way only by a pilgrim who reaches Mecca. Canvassed in five minutes, on a recent forenoon, when the only sign of life evident at the palace were the ordinary guards at the gates—no bands, no royal cars, no state visitors—the attentive watchers outside proved to be two Australians, one Canadian, one Indian social worker in native costume, two Norwegian students and half a dozen Londoners.

No one appeared to feel the need to explain his presence or curiosity. "Just thought I'd have a look at it," was the average answer. None had ever been inside the palace or ever expected to get inside. That was beside the point anyhow. It was just nice, apparently, to look at it.

You don't find this at Queen Juliana's Royal

Palace fronting the Dam Square in Amsterdam, nor do people peer at the Drottningholm Palace of the King of Sweden, nor do they line up to watch Denmark's King Frederik leaving his Amalienborg Castle in Copenhagen. The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg's small palace fronts an ancient street in the city of Luxembourg, with nary a tourist ever in sight. Of Europe's royal residences, Buckingham Palace alone—known to those who toil in its private world as Buck House—has become the cynosure of the world's eyes.

As a castle-watcher of considerable experience I must confess I don't know why.

Buck House certainly isn't the most beautiful castle in the world. The front of it was actually planned as the back of it, by John Nash, the first architect of Buckingham Palace. (Later others had a hand in modifying this feature, removing that tower or yonder cupola.) The palace is actually built around a quadrangle which you enter through a portico in the centre of the Mall-side façade, and the "front"—the handsome state apartments with high doorways giving out to a vast terrace—faces the royal park.

To penetrate this royal castle, to seek the secrets of its maze, and to devour every word ever written about it, is not a matter of mere idle curiosity to the British. Their interest is a mark of awed respect. It seems to be the trying to reach, or touch, the core of their own faith in the throne.

But it's difficult to actually reach the royal chambers, for around the placid palace there are the unseen obstacles of an electronic device, watchdogs, and a twenty-four-hour detail from Scotland Yard.

Even an engraved invitation card, blazoned with the royal crest, gets you only into half a dozen of those hundreds of rooms, and never into the ten private chambers of the family of Windsor. The Queen's castle is her home, for sure. (Even occasional workmen at the palace, like the two hundred and fifty who came to repair wartime bomb damages, are thoroughly screened by Scotland Yard.)

To the casual eye the twelve-foot-high spike-encrusted wall surrounding the entire sixty acres of palace, mews, gardens and lake, should be easy enough for a determined burglar or an earnest sight-seer to scale. In fact in the past five years six people have succeeded: a burglar who hid in a maid's bed until found; a citizen of Potters Bar, Middlesex, who went searching for his wind-blown hat; an unknown magician who stole a diplomatic box in 1950 from the room of the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Major-General Salisbury-Jones, but chucked it into a dustbin before he left the grounds; a man who scaled a builder's ladder on a bet; and two American students looking for a place to sleep. But, actually, the tranquil-looking, drowsy palace is far from open. Security measures are now tight and sound.

To begin with there are fifty-five men on watch night and day. They are under the strict orders of suave, tall Chief Superintendent David Cameron, of Scotland Yard's A Branch. Cameron, a crack



After the Trooping of the Color this year the Queen, in Guards dress, waves from the balcony.



The palace, built on an old swamp, is a servant's nightmare. All the rooms are cleaned at night.

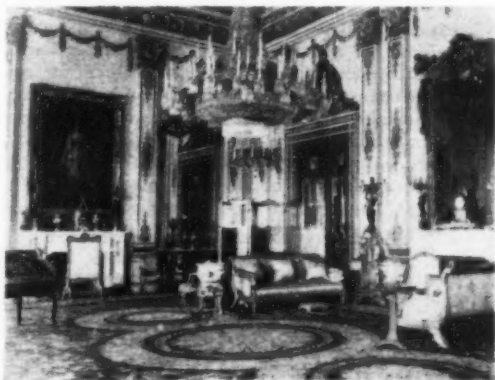
revolver shot, always accompanies the royal family and is famed for his Scarlet-Pimpernel properties of invisibility. Even on royal picnics where he is ever present he can hide behind a tree or a bush, with his sandwiches and thermos, for three or four hours.

The picturesque, much photographed, solemn-marching Buckingham Palace guards have nothing to do with this security duty. Burglars can run rampant for all they need to care. But if you pay attention you'll always see innocuous mild-mannered men loitering by the gates keeping a watchful eye on who comes or goes.

Besides the men on watch there is also an electronic device guarding the palace. A thin copper wire, running along the top of the palace wall, will, even if only barely touched, automatically illuminate a screen in the palace police room. This screen is three feet wide and divided into fifteen sections, each section covering about fifty yards of the wall, and will not only show at once the outline of the intruder but connecting wires will flash an instant alarm to the Scotland Yard information room.

Should this not be

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The white drawing room is only one of many rich chambers in the heavily guarded palace.



Stanley Williams, super janitor, watches twelve million dollars' worth of treasure.



Swelling a labor force already two hundred strong, city electricians arrive at gates.



Maisie Gordon's death a few months after he tackled his big job was a tragic shock to Gordon. His sons are Michael (at left) and Donald Jr.

BIG DONALD at the Throttle

All Donald Gordon knew about railroads when he took over the CNR in 1950 was that the berths weren't long enough. Now, in spite of what he himself regarded as a dismal beginning, he's using his shrewd ignorance to highball the biggest railway in the world out of the red

The former prices boss stoically becomes Chief Many Feathers at an Ojibway ceremony last year.



By **BLAIR FRASER**

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1950, Donald Gordon, a large moon-faced nearsighted Scot who had just turned forty-eight, stepped off the elevator on the third floor of the Canadian National Railways Building on McGill Street, Montreal, and into the office of the president.

He sat down at the big mahogany desk and looked at the panel of buzzer buttons that confronted him. Of the CNR's fourteen vice-presidents eight normally reside in Montreal; there was a button for each of them, as well as for several other senior officials. Gordon wondered which one to push first. On reflection he didn't push any. As a junior in the Bank of Nova Scotia thirty years before he had disliked being summoned in that way and he had never himself used a buzzer except to signal his secretary. He decided he wouldn't start then.

That was Donald Gordon's first decision as chairman and president of the biggest railway in the world, and it was a typical one. Gordon had no knowledge of railroading at all and no firm opinions on it except that railway berths are unsuited to men of six feet four inches and two hundred and forty pounds. He had been brought in over the heads of astonished and resentful men who had spent their lives in the CNR and on whose advice he would now have to rely.



Ex-banker Gordon, here at the controls of a new Diesel, gets credit for slashing the heavy CNR debt.

"All my life I had learned things from the bottom up," Gordon said recently. "Now I'm learning from the top down and I find it's a lot harder."

Certainly he found plenty to learn. The CNR has more than twenty-three thousand miles of track, but less than half of it is consistently self-supporting and about a quarter loses money all the time. The CNR is bigger than its rival the Canadian Pacific (or, for that matter, any other railway anywhere), but its bulk is made up of five trunk railways originally built to compete with each other, whereas the compact CPR was built according to a plan often enlarged but never abandoned. The CNR earns a tidy sum on operations but, because of its colossal debt charges, it has never shown a profit.

Obviously a tough job for anybody to tackle, but it was no surprise to anyone that Donald Gordon was tackling a tough job. He had been doing that ever since he got his first one at thirteen—six dollars a week in a Toronto box factory. During the war he became internationally famous for doing what most people thought couldn't be done—clapping on an over-all price ceiling and making it stick. The CNR presidency at a rumored fifty thousand dollars a year looked merely like the climax to a Horatio Alger success story.

Maybe it was. Already his brief regime can be chronicled as if it were another chapter entitled, Gordon the Miracle Worker. CNR revenues are the highest in history. CNR debts have been cut in half by a recapitalization plan for which Gordon

gets a large share of credit. CNR methods have enjoyed a healthy exposure to the critical gaze of a man who knew nothing about railroads, but had a lifetime's practice in sizing up unfamiliar situations and figuring out the best way to deal with them.

But this pretty picture, though true as far as it goes, is the less important fraction of the truth. These first two years at the CNR, and more particularly the first year, have been the hardest in Gordon's whole life, full of discouragement and, occasionally, despair.

Trouble began even before Gordon took office. When he got to Montreal on Dec. 29, 1949, newspaper headlines told him of a coal shortage in the CNR which might prove to be calamitous. That was the first Gordon had heard of a problem on which he had to make decisions two or three days later.

He soon found the shortage was real enough. His predecessor R. C. Vaughan, who started his career as a purchasing agent, had balked at the prices demanded for American coal in the fall of 1949. He figured the market would ease off before long, and didn't buy. Instead John L. Lewis called a strike, coal became very scarce and the CNR stockpile dwindled to the vanishing point.

Gordon did the only thing possible—cut CNR passenger service twenty-five percent. He had no choice, but the public didn't know that. The rumor went around that the coal shortage was nothing

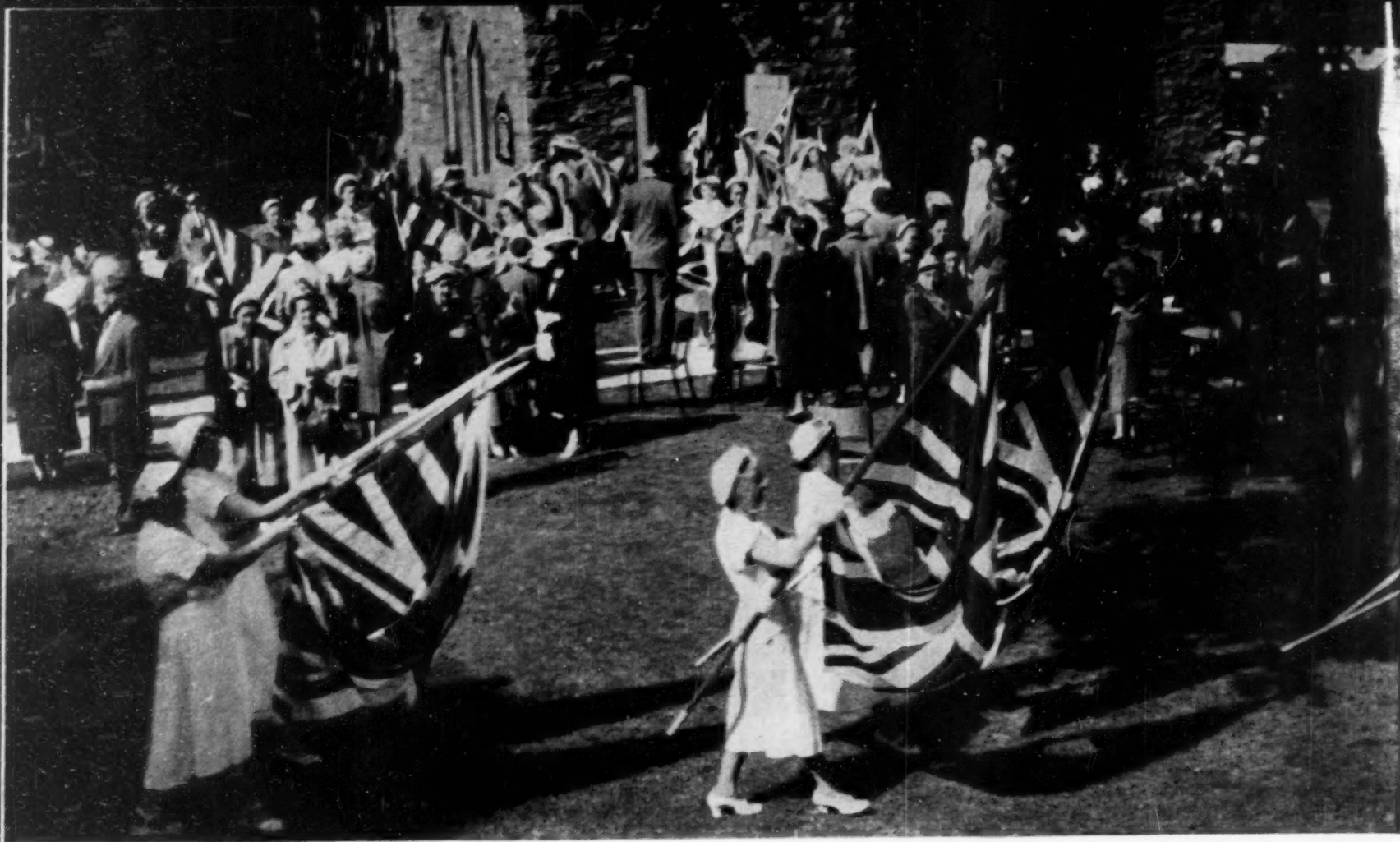
but a smoke screen (after all, the CPR had lots of coal, hadn't it?) and that this hard-boiled banker was already slashing the services that didn't pay their way.

Nothing could have been farther from the truth. Actually Gordon had gambled on a quick settlement of the coal strike when he kept the level of service as high as he did, and he nearly lost the gamble. Another twenty-four hours or so and he would have had to bring the CNR almost to a standstill.

Even before he was out of that mess, calamity struck again in a graver form. Vice-president in charge of operations was Norman Walton, a railroader of great experience on whom Gordon had expected to lean very heavily. Ten days after he took over the job Gordon got a call from Walton late in the afternoon: "Could I see you first thing in the morning? I've something very important to discuss." Gordon made an appointment for nine a.m. At two a.m. his telephone rang—Walton had died of a heart attack.

Gordon didn't know what to do. There were four men in the CNR's senior ranks who appeared to be logical successors to this big job, but he knew nothing about them except that three were near retirement age and would have to be replaced again before long. So he appointed the youngest of the four, Stanley Dingle. It turned out to be a good appointment, but that was just luck—one of the very few strokes

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At the national annual meeting, held this year at Niagara, IODE standard bearers raise the Union Jack at a service in Christ Church. About four hundred attended the convention.



The national president, Mrs. J. H. Chipman, opens the meeting in General Brock Hotel. Executive gives unanimous approval to Mrs. B. B. Osler, of the anti-Communist committee.



The Empire's Dutiful Daughters

Debunking its reputation for snobbishness the IODE, behind its tireless waving of the Union Jack, raises cash for needy causes and crusades for democracy — so successfully that the Reds consider the Daughters their No. 2 enemy in Canada

By MCKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT

ONE DAY last year the Labor Progressive Party, Moscow's fifth column in Canada, drew up a list of its enemies in order of importance. At the top, of course, was the RCMP. But foe number two, incredibly enough, was a women's organization known as the IODE.

Husbands who find supper uncooked because their wives are at IODE meetings wryly interpret the initials as "I Often Don't Eat." Children who have spied through sitting-room keyholes to see their mothers engaging in solemn IODE rites derisively translate the initials as "Idiotic Order of Donkey Engines." Critics of the IODE, exasperated by its ubiquity, say the initials mean "In and Out of Every Damned Enterprise." IODE members who fag themselves out wearily define the initials as "I Ought to Do Everything."

But, as most Canadians are aware, the letters cover the grandiloquent title — Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire.

The IODE is in alliance with the Victoria League in the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. There are IODE chapters, answerable to Canadian headquarters, in Bermuda, the Bahamas and that most celebrated of imperial outposts, Poona, India. The IODE is in alliance with the Daughters of the British Empire in the United States. It is, therefore, a potent unit in a vast alliance of women over much of the world who are dedicated to the promise that the sun shall never set on the Union Jack.

Even so, at first glance, it seems ridiculous that thirty-two thousand Canadian business girls, young mothers, bustling matrons, stylish dowagers



Visitors see the sights of Niagara. The IODE was founded in 1900 by Scottish-born Mrs. J. Clark Murray.



Delegates pack bundles for Britain and Europe. The thirty-two thousand Daughters raised a million in 1951.



Informal get-togethers in the hotel relaxed the hard-working delegates after the long and serious sessions.

and spry old women, whose defense of British traditions has earned them the reputation of "Blimps in Petticoats," and who appear at teas, rummage sales, bazaars, sewing bees and charity concerts, should be rated by the Communists as second only to the Mounties among their adversaries.

Many radicals far to the right of Communist persuasion have ridiculed the Daughters' unqualified faith in the motto, One Flag, One Throne, One Empire; their reverent chanting of prayers heavily larded with monarchical eulogy; their profusion of Union Jacks carried at a slow march on ceremonial occasions by white-gowned standard bearers; and their soft dirge-like rendering of Land of Hope and Glory at most of their big meetings.

Wherever they went in Canada last year the

Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh encountered the steadfast loyalty of the Daughters. At Halifax IODE standard bearers stood for two hours in driving rain awaiting the royal visitors. Among them was Mrs. F. A. Lane, a local newspaper-woman, broadcaster, and Nova Scotia president of the IODE. She wore a hat shaped like a saucer and this was steadily filled by the weeping skies. When she was presented to the Queen Mrs. Lane curtsied and lowered her head. A Niagara of water poured down over her face. Neither sovereign nor subject batted an eyelid.

At Newfoundland on that blustery day as the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh departed by tender for the Empress of Scotland an IODE standard bearer, rigidly at attention, was slowly wrapped up in her Union Jack as the wind wound

it round and round her body. Elizabeth was confronted by what looked like a red, white and blue cocoon. One of the Duke's aides sprang to the rescue and, by running in circles round the Daughter with the edge of the flag in his hands, he finally exposed her to the Queen's gaze. The Daughter curtsied gravely.

Yet it is not so much for their royalist fervor nor for the gravity of their ceremony that the IODE evokes hostility in many non-Communist camps. It is rather for their habit of springing with the fury of Kilkenny cats into the middle of hot constitutional issues and sending the fur flying from many sensitive backs.

With flashing eyes and scolding tongues the IODE tore into the recent decision to appoint a Canadian-born

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The national executive committee poses on the staircase of the Brock. Members define order's title as "I Ought to Do Everything."



Garden party given by vice-president Mrs. K. Drope was a high spot at convention. The IODE has no race or religion barriers.

As Miss Canada, 1949, and at the Miss America show, Lynne Munn was brunette.



Being chosen Miss Canada in 1949 meant a brief taste of glory for Margaret Lynne Munn, of North Vancouver.

Now the tall blonde who hoped to sing at the Met dances in the Copacabana line and dreams of seeing her name in Broadway lights



Lynne, now a blonde, started as cigarette girl.

Show Girl



Three shows a night, the former Vancouver steno performs in the glamorous Copacabana, waiting hopefully for one "big break."

By JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY RONNY JAQUES

MMARGARET LYNNE MUNN, a former Miss Canada who now lives in New York and dances in a night-club chorus line, wakes up every noon to the blue walls of her apartment on the top floor of a brownstone in the west Seventies, a half block from Central Park. By leaning out the window she can see the trees in the park, and she also gets a view of a neighbor in his underwear.

"He must be in show business too," she mutters, pulling the blind and lighting a cigarette. Her apartment is one room, for which she pays fifteen dollars a week, with a refrigerator in the corner and two closets at the end opposite the window. One closet is for her clothes; the other contains some shelves, a sink and a two-burner gas plate. The bathroom is down the hall, shared by the three other tenants on the same floor.

A dim mirror over the fireplace reflects the dusty gold trophy she won in a Miss America talent contest in Atlantic City, two weeks after the August night in 1949 when she was crowned Miss Canada. Stuck in the frame around the mirror are yellowed clippings announcing that Margaret Lynne Munn has been named Miss North America in a contest in Lima, Peru.

Lynne rarely has time to dwell on these souvenirs. She rinses some clothes out in her small sink, ties a rope from the radiator to the closet door and hangs them to dry while she presses a skirt on the bed. She drinks black coffee while she dresses, ties back her blond hair with an elastic band and stuffs shorts and a blouse into her purse. She turns the burner off under the percolator and starts down three flights of stairs, checking the mail on the hall table as she leaves.

Her first call is the Roxy Theatre, the stage entrance on Fifty-first Street, where she explains to the doorman that she is going to rehearse for a television show.

"You with Doug Cowdy's girls?" he asks, and when she nods he grunts "Ballet rehearsal room," and turns back to the Racing Form. In the elevator one girl says to another in front of Lynne, "Honey, you've got a tan! Where have you been, Florida?" and the other answers "No, I've been home in Canada." Lynne grins to herself—she spends a lot of time trying to assure the girls at the night club that Canada isn't a land of ice and snow.

When she gets out of the elevator she walks down a narrow hall to a big bare-floored room with mirrors down one wall and a collection of satin horses pawing each other at one end. She changes into her shorts and blouse and for two hours, with seven other girls, she practices manipulating the horses in a dance sequence that will be used on a commercial TV show the following week. The director, Doug Cowdy, a soft-voiced former ballet dancer who also produces the floor show at the Copacabana, the night club where Lynne works, takes special pains instructing her. The other girls are dancers but Lynne has had no previous training. Doug has included her because he wants to give her a break. She'll get about one hundred dollars for this bit.

After rehearsal Lynne and Doug check the time, find they have a few hours before they have to be at the Copacabana and decide to walk over to Madison Square Garden. Upstairs in the Garden is a small ice surface, open all summer, where they like to figure skate hot afternoons. Both are so skilful—Lynne picked it up when she sang with the Ice Capades—that professional skaters sometimes stop them to ask what ice show they are with. Lynne has been told, and she finds it is true, that once you have been in show business another professional can pick you out of a crowd. "It's something special about the way we walk, our assurance," she once said in trying to explain the phenomenon.

Walking to work

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LYNNE'S DAY IN THE WORLD'S MOST COMPETITIVE BUSINESS



NOON. She rises in her one-room flat, washes, irons, takes black coffee.



2 PM. Rehearsal for TV show with director-friend Cowdy.



7.30 PM. In the Copa dressing room, grooming for first show.



5 AM. The long night ends with a lonely drink in the Blue Room bar.



Benjy came for the summer and the letters followed,
fat and important, into the new mailbox.

But when he left

the world he had made real

seemed to go with him



Cora and the Great Wide World

By RAY BRADBURY

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

IT WAS A DAY to be out of bed, to pull curtains and fling open windows. It was a day to make your heart bigger. It was early, the sun barely on the horizon, but already the birds were stirring from the pines and ten billion red ants milled free from their bronze hills by the cabin door. Cora's husband Tom slept like a bear in a snowy hibernation of bedclothes beside her. Will my heart wake him up? she wondered.

And then she knew why this seemed a special day. "Benjy's coming!"

She imagined him far off, fording streams where spring was pushing itself in cool colors of moss and clear water toward the sea. She saw his great shoes dusting and flicking the stony roads and paths. She saw his freckled face. "Benjy, come on!" she thought, opening a window swiftly. Wind blew her hair like a grey spider web about her cold ears. . . . "Now Benjy's at Iron Bridge, now at Meadow Pike, now up Creek Path, over Chesley's Field . . ."

Somewhere in the mountains was Benjy. Cora blinked. Those strange high hills beyond which twice a year she and Tom drove their horse and wagon to town, and through which she had once wanted to run forever, saying, "O, Tom, let's just drive and drive until we reach the sea." But Tom had looked at her as if she had slapped his face, and he had turned the wagon around and driven on home, talking to the mare. And if people lived by shores where the sea came like a storm, now louder, now softer, every day, she did not know it. And if there were cities where neons

were like pink ice and green mint and red fireworks each evening, she didn't know that either. Her horizon, north, south, east, west, was this valley, and had never been anything else.

"But now, today," she thought, "Benjy's coming from that world out there, he's seen it, heard it, smelt it, he'll tell me about it. And he can *write*." She looked at her hands. "He'll be here a whole month and teach me. Then I can write out into that world and bring it here to the mailbox I'll make Tom build today. Get up, Tom! You hear?"

She put her hand out to push the bank of sleeping snow.

By nine o'clock the valley was full of grasshoppers flinging themselves through the blue piney air while smoke curled into the sky.

Cora, singing into her pots and pans as she polished them, saw her face bronzed and freshened in the copper bottoms. Tom was grumbling the sounds of a sleepy bear at his breakfast, while her singing moved all about him, like a bird in a cage. "Someone's mighty happy," said a voice.

Cora made herself into a statue. From the corners of her eyes she saw a shadow cross the open door. "Mrs. Brabbam?" asked Cora of her scouring cloth.

"That's who it is!" And there stood the widow woman, her gingham dress dragging the warm dust, her letters in her chickeny hand. "Morning! I just been to my mailbox. Got me a real beauty of a letter from my Uncle George." Mrs. Brabbam fixed Cora with a gaze like a silver needle. "How long since you got a letter from your uncle, Missus?"

"My uncles are all dead." It was not Cora

herself, but her tongue, that lied. When the time came, she knew, it would be her tongue alone that must take communion and confess earthly sinning.

"It's certainly nice, getting mail." Mrs. Brabbam waved her letters in a straight flush on the morning air.

Always twisting the knife in the flesh. How many years, thought Cora, had this run on, Mrs. Brabbam and her smily eyes, talking loud of how she got mail; inferring that nobody else for miles around could read. Cora bit her lip and almost threw the pot, but set it down, laughing. "I forgot to tell you. My nephew Benjy's coming; his folks are poorly, and he's here for the summer, today! He'll teach me to write. And Tom's building us a postal box, aren't you, Tom?"

Mrs. Brabbam clutched her letters. "Well, isn't that fine? You lucky lady." And suddenly the door was empty. Mrs. Brabbam was gone.

But Cora was after her. For in that instant she had seen something like a scarecrow, something like a flicker of pure sunlight, something like a brook trout jumping upstream, leap a fence in the yard below. She saw a huge wand wave and birds flush in terror from a crab-apple tree. Cora was rushing, the world rushing back of her, down the path. "Benjy!"

They ran at each other like partners in a Saturday dance, linked arms, collided, and waltzed, jabbering. "Benjy!"

She glanced swiftly behind his ear. Yes, there was the yellow pencil.

"Benjy, welcome!"

"Why, ma'am." He held *Continued on page 22*



She watched him turn the pencil in his fingers. The first words formed themselves slowly on the incredible paper.



Ancient wagon, updated with rubber tires, hauls fish nets to the shore through St. Andrews streets. Biggest industry, though, is serving the rich summer folk.

ST. ANDREWS, N.B., has only fourteen hundred year-round residents. But its liquor store is reputed to sell more imported champagne than any other liquor store east of Montreal, and it has a grocer who stocks caviar and *pâté de foie gras*, a druggist who sells perfume at seventy-five dollars an ounce, and two china dealers who offer dinner sets priced as high as two thousand dollars. The reason is that St. Andrews is the most fashionable resort on Canada's Atlantic coast.

In this unusual little town, on a peninsula that juts into blue Passamaquoddy Bay, one of the major industries is barbering the tall cedar hedges which surround the estates of the rich with evergreen elegance. There are miles and miles of these hedges. They block the view at every turn, so when E. P. Taylor, the financier, was selecting a piece of property for a seaside retreat he studied

the landscape from an airplane. As he circled over St. Andrews, on a sunny morning, typical "summer folks" were doing typical things.

Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, in grey flannels and white shirt, was out on his broad lawn directing a team of gardeners. Senator Cairine Wilson, in a mud-streaked cotton dress, was pruning rose bushes. At the Old Timers' Club, H. D. Burns, chairman of the board of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and Lieutenant-Governor D. L. MacLaren of New Brunswick were playing a spirited game of cribbage.

Miss Olive Hosmer, whose father, the late Charles R. Hosmer, amassed one of this country's fat fortunes, was out driving in her elderly Rolls Royce. Mrs. R. E. D. Redmond, a daughter of the late Lord Shaughnessy of the CPR, and Lady Davis, widow of Sir Mortimer Davis, were watching the bathers at the beach.

Noah Timmins, the mining magnate, and Sir James Dunn, the peppery old baronet who controls Algoma Steel and Canada Steamship Lines, were striding through elm-shaded lanes, while G. Blair Gordon (Dominion Textile) and Dr. Gavin Miller, noted Montreal surgeon, were shooting a round of golf. Howard W. Pillow (British American Banknote) and Harry W. Thorp (Murphy Paint) were swapping yarns in the back room of Bobby Cockburn's corner drugstore.

Scores of other upper-rung socialites were disporting themselves at St. Andrews. For St. Andrews, in the summer, is crowded with the kind of people who dress for dinner and describe their mansions as cottages. Year after year they turn up with their butlers, cooks, chauffeurs, limousines, rakish sport cars and yachts. They golf, swim, fish, sail and garden, and go to parties.



Mrs. Robert Struthers (at right) has been summering on Passamaquoddy since 1910.



Margaret MacGregor, Yvonne Shantz (centre), and Ruth Uffelman are among summer hotel workers.

The Salty Spell of St. Andrews

A musketball discarded by Champlain clinched Canada's claim to St. Andrews. Since then this New Brunswick haven has lured a Bonaparte, two Fathers of Confederation, a parcel of peers and more millionaires per mile than any town in the land

By IAN SCLANDERS

PHOTOS BY KOSTI RUOHOMAA

There are parties morning, afternoon and evening, but these are polite and decorous, for most members of the St. Andrews set have reached or passed middle age and were either born with money or have had money long enough to avoid *nouveau riche* high jinks. They don't swill champagne. They sip it. Nobody at St. Andrews has ever plunged fully clad into a swimming pool in a gay mad moment, and there hasn't been a first-rate scandal since a prominent matron, out joy riding with a waiter, was killed in an accident. That was years ago.

Some vacationists find the place dull. A disappointed New Yorker complained to a desk clerk at the Algonquin—the posh but sedate CPR inn—that St. Andrews is “too damned refined.” But the majority of the summer folks prefer it like that. They frown on tourist traps that might draw a

noisy element. When a dude ranch was opened by a promoter from Montreal—with beauteous Broadway cowgirls, Hollywood-style cowboys, and a floor show—they cold-shouldered it out of business in one season.

They're so fond of St. Andrews, just the way it is, that they're trying to keep it as changeless as possible in a changing world, a haven with the gracious manners and standards of yesteryear. They carefully preserve its scenery and traditions, shun modern architecture and fill their big houses with antiques.

In deference to their wishes the Algonquin, the pivot around which the social life revolves, hasn't revised its menus noticeably for half a century. It still serves the elaborate kind of meals that have to be digested in an atmosphere of leisure. This hotel, which has two hundred and thirty rooms

and two golf courses, didn't discard the last of its Victorian brass bedsteads until 1951 because veteran guests had grown attached to them.

Under the New Brunswick Liquor Control Act, no drinks—not even beer—may be served in public places. Bars, cocktail lounges and beer parlors are illegal. The stately Algonquin has ignored this law and provincial authorities have ignored the Algonquin's well-stocked mahogany bar—an old-fashioned affair with a trapdoor leading to a wine cellar. There's a rumor, which can't be confirmed, that the Algonquin management told the N.B. Liquor Control Board once that if the hotel wasn't allowed to serve drinks it would be closed down, with a loss to New Brunswick of a large and profitable slice of tourist business. Since then, according to the story, the Liquor Control Board has made

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Algonquin Hotel has the only public bar in New Brunswick.



High wall guards multimillionaire Sir James Dunn's estate.



A chauffeur waits outside the Church of England.



Cockburn's drugstore has perfume at \$75.

He looks like an uncombed head . . . a heaver that has been up all night . . . lazy . . .



For years vacationers have been putting up with the depredations of this bum of the forest for fear of a law that doesn't exist. This marauding jokester, who can kill a bear and make a cottage look like a street closed for repairs, is protected only by his thirty thousand quills

THE PORCUPINE GETS AWAY WITH M

ERETHIZON DORSATUM, a publicly pampered, privately persecuted, perverse and antisocial character of the Canadian and northern U.S. forests, commonly called a porcupine (from Latin words for "pig" and "spine"), looks like an uncombed head, has the personality of a keg of nails, fights with his tail, hides his head when he's in trouble, floats like a cork, attacks backing up, retreats going ahead and eats toilet seats and aluminum pots and pans. He's stubborn, thick-skinned, dirty, wasteful, dim-witted, lazy, lousy and lethal, but he gets away with murder because of a "law"

that doesn't exist: anybody touching a hair of his head will not only get jabbed with dozens of quills but will get stuck with a fifty-dollar fine. Alleged reason: the porky is the only animal a starving and exhausted wanderer can kill with a stick.

It's an interesting point, one that has clung firmly to the public imagination, and has even worked its way into thick hard-covered textbooks—but it's as phony as a flying quill. The porcupine is not protected by any province in Canada (P.E.I. and Newfoundland haven't any porkies at all), has never been protected, and it's as hard to find people who

have eaten his meat (textbooks say it's like coarse beef) as it is to find someone who's seen the Indian rope trick.

The whole legend has given rise to a sort of Farce of the Far North that has more characters working at cross purposes than Up in Mabel's Room. While flushed and defiant campers, cottagers, trappers, guides, hunters and prospectors, with an eye peeled for the game warden, are surreptitiously shooting porkies, furtively burying their bodies in shallow graves and generally behaving like someone in the opening chapter of a murder mystery; and while occasionally



A quill pig or a wonderful pet?



The baby porky can climb up, not down.

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Drawn for Maclean's by
WALT KELLY



He looks just like his wife, who is very dowdy.

MURDER

more responsible bodies present briefs to the Department of Lands and Forests, as the Northern Ontario Outfitters' Association did a few years ago, asking for relief against the protection of porcupines—the government frantically issues reports naming the porky as a pest, imports the fisher, the porky's natural enemy, into districts where he's become too numerous, occasionally pays bounties to keep the porky population down, and wishes it could lay its hands on the guy who started the legend about the porky and the poohed-out pedestrian.

New Brunswick pays a fifty-cent bounty to

anyone submitting an affidavit reading in part: "I hereby state that I killed . . . porcupines, the snouts of which I now exhibit . . ." sworn before a forest warden or forest ranger, and a certificate, signed by said warden or ranger reading in part, "I hereby certify that as requested by law I received the snouts of . . . porcupines . . ." The legal precautions are necessary. Two years ago, Colchester County, N.S., shortly after announcing that they'd pay half a buck each for porky snouts, found they'd paid out seventeen thousand dollars. Somebody figured out that this represented enough porcupines that if they walked three abreast, four paces apart, they would stretch for twenty-one miles, and concluded that snouts were being smuggled into the country or were being made up from miscellaneous animals' feet, and called the whole thing off.

It's a sad commentary on the porky's personality that, law or no law, people are always ready to do him in.

One of the main reasons for his unpopularity is that he will chew his way through anything chewable to get a taste of salt. He hardly ever gets enough. With the single-mindedness of a schoolboy with a Double-Dip Cherry Custard Dandy, with walnuts, the porcupine chews up cottage floors, walls, supports, rafters, tent pegs, table legs, boats, axe handles, rake handles, doorjambes, oars, spades and anything else with the slightest salty flavor, particularly in the form of human perspiration. He will chew up the aluminum bowls used by trappers for soup bowls, in which the porous metal has become impregnated with salt, and has even been seen eating the mud and sand on river banks, on the principle, evidently, that it's not what you have to swallow that counts, but the salt you get with it. Another occasional source of his favorite flavoring is the salt blocks put out in the pastures for cows. More than one cow has put her nose down to shunt aside the strange beast at her block and has come up bawling, her soft nose bristling with quills.

Nobody knows why the porky is so mad over salt. It has been suggested that he doesn't feel well when his salt gets low. But, whatever the reason, once he gets his mind on salt he goes after it like a woman with her eye on a bargain. He gnaws his way with a set of orange-colored teeth that he sharpens by passing them alternately inside and outside of one another like someone getting ready to carve the Sunday roast, chewing blissfully and making more pointless noises than a disc jockey on a good day—sounds that have been variously described by ear witnesses as "chuck" "chawk" "coo" "diahp" "wheyah" "wheeyee" "por" "moa" "peeah" and "low," all of which are probably porky language for something like "pass the salt, please."

The damage a porky can do on his salt-hunting forays is considerable. In 1946 a Sault Ste. Marie lumberman and two other men went into the bush to fish Stuart Lake, twenty miles north of Bruce Mines. They intended using a cabin built the summer before by a lumber company for men watching a dam. They knew the cabin was empty at the time and didn't bother taking a tent. They fished till dark when it started to rain, then searched out the cabin. They found that three porcupines had taken possession by chewing a hole under the door. The cabin was a shambles. The porcupines had chewed up everything: table and bunks were ruined, droppings formed a carpet on the floor. The bunks were full of shed quills and the place smelled like an old bear's cave. The men slept outdoors, gratefully inhaling great gobs of fresh air along with the rain. No one has been able to live in the cabin since.

The porcupine isn't particularly afraid of man, which makes him even more of a pest. A logger near Dawson Creek stepped out of

bed one morning onto a porcupine who had come in to gnaw at his bunk during the night. The logger pulled seventy-two quills out of his bare foot before breakfast.

One night at Camp Billie Bear, near Huntsville, three members attending the nature school of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists were out at night listening for owls. It started to rain hard and the trio ducked into a small cabin for shelter. They heard a rustle in the dark, became aware of something ambling to the doorway, and in the dim light saw a porcupine. The porky squatted there in the doorway keeping the trio trapped in the cabin for over an hour after the rain had stopped, when he finally wandered off about some business of his own.

A hunter in the Quinte district had been hunting for grouse for several days with no luck and was getting pretty disgusted. He located a thorn apple tree with indications that grouse had been feeding there. After a long wait a grouse arrived. The hunter took careful aim. He was about to pull the trigger when something tugged at his boot. The gun went off into the air and the grouse flew away unharmed. The hunter looked down to see what had ruined his big chance. A porcupine was gnawing at his boot—for salt.

Worse than that happened to a woman at a cottage near Pigeon Lake in Haliburton County last summer. The porky isn't fussy what he eats as long as it's well salted and he considers toilet seats a delicacy; many a sleepy cottager has nearly fallen in through a hole several sizes too big after a porcupine has been having a midnight snack. This woman, when she hurried out in the dark, took a porky by surprise. The porky put his head between his paws and started slapping with his tail. Residents are still talking about the scream that echoed and re-echoed into the pale moonlit night.

Like the city of Toronto, the porky has an almost mystic power of arousing strong feeling. People either violently like him or violently dislike him. It seems impossible to take him for what he is. Many people turn profane at the mention of him, call him a quill pig, a pine cockroach, a balsam bum, tell with delight of the number they've killed, dwell with relish on the fact that he's frequently full of worms. Others, top authorities on porcupines, say he is clever, intelligent, friendly, affectionate, makes a wonderful pet and isn't the least bit stuck up.

To give old Erethizon credit, he couldn't care less whether he's popular or not. He doesn't ask any favors from the Canadian or any other government. He just wants to be left alone.

He plods along regarding the world through cynical shoe-button eyes, rattling his quills, singing softly to himself when he's in love, and minding his own business. He doesn't want any trouble, and never gives any unless asked for it. Then he gives plenty. He has never started a fight, but he has finished millions of them.

He does it with his quills—but not by shooting them. Remarks like, "There I was and there was the porcupine up a tree shooting quills at me," originate with deer hunters who have been playing "who's got the bingo" too late into the night. The porcupine never threw anything in his life, including a fight—unless you count, as some jokers do, a couple of loose quills flipped a foot or two from his tail like straws out of an old broom.

The porky is just a pincushion in reverse. He fights by getting his head under a rock or a log, raising his quills so they're nice and handy, whipping his quill-filled tail at lightning speed and waiting for someone to come and get it. Although there is something a bit amusing about his means of defense, which rates the porky with

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Some dogs never seem to learn.

Macleans MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



THE ATOMIC CITY: A mere outline of its plot (G-men chase spies who capture important scientist's son) gives no hint of the honest entertainment values embodied in this neat, brisk little suspense yarn.

THE CAPTIVE CITY: This is an intelligent low-budget crime drama about a courageous newsman (John Forsythe) who finds out that a lot of the nicest people in town are mixed up in a national syndicate of outlaws.

THE FIGHTER: Based on a Jack London story, here is an earnest but muddled melodrama in which the central figure is a Mexican strong boy (Richard Conte) thirsting for revenge against the despot who murdered all his loved ones. He becomes a boxer in Texas to earn money for The Cause.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?: Charles Coburn, who is now seventy-five, turns in one of the liveliest performances of his career in this pleasant little domestic comedy. He appears as a crusty millionaire who decides, in the year 1928, to hide his identity and become a soda-jerk for reasons too complicated for summary here. The era of rolled stockings and raccoon coats is recalled with agreeable nostalgia and not too many visible inaccuracies.

KANGAROO: Except that it was actually shot in Australia by a Hollywood studio, I find this to be a very ordinary western of the big-budget species. Maureen O'Hara, Peter Lawford and Scotland's Finlay Currie are in the competent but unexciting cast.

PAT AND MIKE: One of the year's funniest screen comedies. "Pat" is a sensational lady athlete (Katharine Hepburn) who can beat everybody at everything unless her patronizing fiancé (William Ching) is standing around putting the hex on her. "Mike," her rescuer from this predicament, is an unsentimental sports promoter (Spencer Tracy) who grows to love her even

though he knows she could beat him to death in a fistfight.

ROBIN HOOD: Walt Disney's second non-cartoon adventure is a better job all-round than its predecessor, *Treasure Island*. Made in England, the film has Richard Todd as the legendary Good Bandit, Joan Rice as his beloved Maid Marian, James Hayler as a wonderfully sly Friar Tuck, and Elton Hayes as a dulcet-voiced Allan-a-dale. A fine item for the whole family.

THE SNIPER: A superior entry in the department of crime-and-suspense. It tells of a sorely troubled young man whose miserable childhood has unhinged his emotions, causing him to roam the rooftops drawing a bead with a telescopic carbine on brunettes who remind him of his mother. Recommended.

3 FOR BEDROOM C: Gloria Swanson's first picture since the admirable *Sunset Boulevard* of two years ago. She is cast as an eyelash-fluttering screen star who boards a Hollywood-bound train with her obnoxious adopted daughter and instantly falls in love with an owlish young professor. A strained and dismal romantic farce.

WHEN IN ROME: An escaped convict (Paul Douglas) and a genial young priest (Van Johnson) become buddies on a trans-Atlantic liner. Later they meet in Rome during the 1950 Holy Year observances and this time the jailbird is masquerading in ecclesiastical feathers. There are some amusing moments and a lot of photogenic Roman scenery in the improbable comedy that follows, but the trick ending is more sappy than happy.

THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS: A swash-buckling adventure-romance in which an audacious skipper from Boston (Gregory Peck) and a pert Russian countess (Ann Blyth) help to turn Alaska into part of Uncle Sam's domain. Corny in spots, but fun.

GILMOUR RATES

African Queen: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
An American in Paris: Musical. Tops.
Anything Can Happen: Comedy. Good.
Battle at Apache Pass: Injuns. Fair.
Belles on Their Toes: Comedy. Fair.
The Big Trees: Action drama. Poor.
Boots Malone: Turf drama. Excellent.
Bride of the Gorilla: Fantasy. Poor.
Clash by Night: Sex drama. Poor.
Deadline, U.S.A.: Press drama. Good.
Encore: Maugham "package." Good.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
High Noon: Western. Excellent.
His Excellency: Comedy-drama. Good.
Hong Kong: Melodrama. Fair.
Hoodlum Empire: Crime drama. Fair.
Hunted: British crime drama. Good.
It's a Big Country: Eight stories. Fair.
Lady Godiva Rides Again: Satirical British comedy. Good.
Lydia Bailey: Haiti adventure. Good.
Macao: Far East whodunit. Poor.
Maltese Falcon: Crime (reissue). Tops.
Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness comedy. Excellent.
Manon: French drama. Fair.

Marrying Kind: Comedy-drama. Good.
Les Miserables: Costume drama. Fair.
Mr. Lord Says "No!": Comedy. Fair.
My Six Convicts: Comedy-drama. Good.
My Son John: "Message" drama. Fair.
On Dangerous Ground: Drama. Fair.
Outcast of the Islands: Drama. Good.
A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.
The Pride of St. Louis: Major-league baseball comedy. Good.
Red Mountain: Western. Fair.
Retreat, Hell! War drama. Fair.
La Ronde: French satirical comedy for adults. Excellent.
Rooty-Toot-Toot: Cartoon fable. Tops.
Singin' in the Rain: Musical. Good.
Something to Live For: Drama. Fair.
Steel Town: Action romance. Fair.
Symphony of Life: War & music. Fair.
Tembo: Jungle travelogue. Fair.
Il Trovatore: Filmed opera. Good.
Unknown World: Science fiction. Poor.
Walk East on Beacon: Spies. Fair.
With a Song in My Heart: Musical biography. Excellent.
The Wild North: Mountie drama. Good.
You Can't Beat the Irish: Comedy. Fair.

London Letter

Continued from page 2

genuinely sorry we could not watch the fight together.

But when I was sent by the Conservative Party to speak at a public meeting in Cardiff I urged the voters to throw George Thomas out neck-and-crop the first chance they got. Is that being double-faced? Not at all. The genius of the British is that they can be political opponents, fiercely and uncompromisingly divided on policy, without being personal enemies. That is why in Britain there is always an element of coalition in matters that do not cut across party creed. Aneurin Bevan put it very well once in a sardonic but penetrating comment: "The House of Commons is capable of more public cruelty and more private kindness than any institution in the world."

What then divides the Conservatives and Socialists? If the spirit of coalition exists in foreign affairs and rearmament why not in domestic matters? In fact why this automatic division where one side must always say that the other side is wrong? It is because fundamentally the two parties are deeply divided.

To explain what I mean let us imagine that on the eve of the Battle of El Alamein Churchill visited Montgomery and asked his plans for fighting the battle. Let us then suppose that Montgomery answered: "I am going to have the best first-aid services and the finest medical staff in history. The wounded will be cared for to a degree never seen in any other battle." Churchill would have been glad to know this—but what if Montgomery stopped there. Churchill would have roared: "But what about the men on their feet? They are the fellows that matter. Where, when and how are they going to attack?"

In that imaginary conversation you have the great divide that separates Socialism and Conservatism. The socialists are steeped in the casualty complex. The Conservatives look to the men on their feet.

Undoubtedly the industrial revolution left dreadful scars and the memories of unemployment still haunt the workers. Therefore when the Labour Party proclaims full employment, equal opportunity and fair shares for all it makes sweet music for the ears of men and women who have had few of life's good things.

It is the duty of every government, regardless of its political color, to create as far as possible a society which offers equal opportunity. But such a consummation can be only partially achieved. There is no such thing as equal opportunity. You might as well give twenty men an easel, a brush and a canvas and expect them to paint pictures of the same quality. Each one of us is the product of our ancestors a link in the long chain of the centuries.

If I were asked to translate the Conservative philosophy so that it could be understood by everybody of adult intelligence I think I would put it in these terms: "Look to your minorities! In the history of every country that has gone down in revolution or decline the process started with the minorities. It was so in Russia, in Germany, in France, in Rome. Mankind must have leadership. The mob cannot lead the mob. It is your minorities in education, science, politics, industry and religion that matter. If they are right then the majority will benefit. If they fail, then the masses are sunk in mediocrity or disaster."

In my early days in Canada a hard-

working farmer would scrape and sacrifice to send his son to university, but heaven help the boy if at the end of four years he showed in his speech any sign of having been to university. That was a paradox of Canadian life which probably does not exist today, although it is probably still true that the most devastating denunciation that one Canadian can make of another is that he is a stuffed shirt.

No one but a fool would claim that England is a model in everything to the outside world, yet she has accomplished many wonderful things. She combined imperialism with a sense of responsibility. She colonized but gave the colonists self-government in due season. Her leadership of the world in the century between Waterloo and 1914 is without parallel in history.

Logic cannot defend the hereditary system whereby the first pup of the litter becomes an unelected legislator in the Upper House; but that archaic system brought great benefits to the nation. If there was privilege there was also a recognition of responsibility. The great families such as the Cecils, the Stanleys and the Devonshires were the custodians of tradition and set a high standard of honor in public affairs.

But, in her wisdom England, while maintaining the trappings of a medieval state, was enlarging all the time the sources from which leadership would be drawn. Look at the last eight prime ministers—Asquith, Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Stanley Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, Neville Chamberlain, Winston Churchill and Clement Attlee. Of these Churchill alone came from a ruling family—and even at that he was half American. England has been a nation of privilege but it has also been a nation of opportunity.

Therefore in the Conservative Party we want to meet the world with new ideas but avoid destroying what was good in the past. In fact Conservatives want to conserve, a philosophy which has much to commend it providing it does not stop progress.

Quite frankly we believe in the facts of life and refuse to be diverted by the musty musings of a Karl Marx or the red dawn of Bevanism. We recognize that man is a competitive creature and that outstanding rewards should be given for outstanding achievements. We believe that the State is a bad employer and that it should not compete with free industry. We hold that taxation must be high but not crushing and, since man is a gambler as well as a competitor, we should not deny reward to those who risk their money and their security in building something that was not there before.

We believe in progress but not in equality because it is the negation of struggle and a denial of human nature.

I do not know how these words will be received by the readers of the London Letter but they express not only the creed of the Conservative Party but also my own philosophy. We were not created to be classified like animals into groups and categories. We speak the language of Shakespeare and should not be content with the humdrum vocabulary that is the small change of social intercourse. We are the descendants of Drake and Raleigh and must not think that there are no more continents to discover. In government we are of the lineage of Burleigh, Cromwell, Pitt, Disraeli, Churchill, and we should demand greatness in those who govern us.

That is why I feel with the socialists but cannot think with them. By all means have the best casualty centres that our means can provide—but look to the men on their feet! It is from the strong, the brave and the adventurous that victory comes. ★



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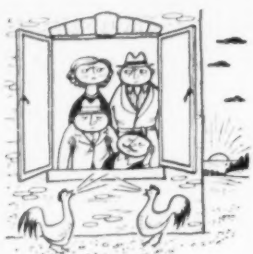
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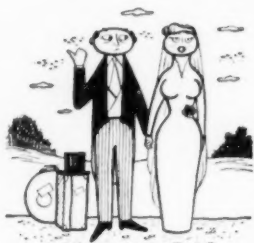
Complaint Department

By Paul Steiner

A Merritton, Ont., housewife called all the town councilmen at 4 a.m., had them listen to the cocks crowing outside her window, and so succeeded in getting an anti-noise ordinance passed.

A man in Windsor, Ont., complained that a big wind which half wrecked his home also snatched away his insurance policy against wind damage.

A bridegroom in Winnipeg complained that right after the wedding his best man made off with his honeymoon railroad tickets.



A motorist in Winnipeg took his car to a garage complaining that it screeched like a cat. When a mechanic lifted the hood he found a frightened kitten perched on the battery.



A mother in Regina complained that while she was talking on the telephone her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter ate her goldfish swimming in the bathroom washbasin and, what's more, liked it too.

A woman in Vancouver asked police to quieten the neighborhood boys because her dog was suffering from a nervous breakdown.

A businessman in Toronto sued for shoulder injuries resulting from an automobile collision, declaring that the accident had added from 10 to 15 strokes to his golf game.



In Edmonton a bandit wrote to a local newspaper to correct its report of his robbery which described him as between forty-five and fifty years old. He complained that he was only thirty-four and didn't look a day older.



A Burns Lake, B.C., man complained bitterly that a rat made off with his set of false teeth.

DRAWINGS BY ENGLISH

Cora and the Wide World

Continued from page 14

her off at arm's length. "Why, ma'am, you're crying."

HERE'S my nephew," said Cora. Tom scowled up from spooning his corn-meal mush.

"Mighty glad," smiled Benjy.

Cora held his arm tight so he couldn't vanish. She felt faint, wanting to sit, stand, run, but she only beat her heart fast and laughed at strange times. Now, in an instant, the far countries were brought near. Here was this tall boy, lighting up the room like a pine torch, this boy who had seen cities and seas and gone places when things had been better for his parents.

"Benjy, I got peas, corn, bacon, mush, soup, and beans for breakfast."

"Hold on!" said Tom.

"Hush, Tom, the boy's down to the bone with walking." She turned to the boy. "Benjy, tell me all about yourself. You did go to school?"

Benjy kicked off his shoes. With one bare foot he traced a word in the hearth ashes.

Tom scowled. "What's it say?"

"It says," said Benjy, "C and O and R and A. Cora."

"My name, Tom, see it! Oh, Benjy, it's good you really write, child. We had one cousin here, long ago, claimed he could spell upside down and backwards. So we fattened him up and he wrote letters and we never got answers. Come to find out he knew just enough spelling to mail letters to the dead-letter office. Lord, Tom knocked two months' worth of vittles out of that boy batting him up the road with a piece of fence." They laughed, anxiously.

"I write fine," said the serious boy.

"That's all we want to know." She shoved a cut of berry pie at him. "Eat."

By ten-thirty, with the sun riding higher, after watching Benjy devour heaped platters of food, Tom thundered from the cabin, jamming his cap on. "I'm going out and cut down half the forest!" he said angrily.

But no one heard. Cora was seated in a breathless spell. She was watching the pencil behind Benjy's peach-fuzz ear. She saw him finger it casually, lazily, indifferently. Oh, not so casual, Benjy, she thought, handle it like a spring robin's egg. She wanted to touch the pencil, but hadn't touched one in years because it made her feel foolish and then angry and then sad. Her hand twitched in her lap.

"You got some paper?" asked Benjy.

"Oh, land, I never thought," she wailed, and the room walls darkened. "What'll we do?"

"Just happens I brought some." He fetched a tablet from his little bag. "You want to write a letter somewhere?"

She smiled outrageously. "I want to write a letter to . . . to . . ." Her face fell apart. She looked around for someone in the distance. She looked at the mountains in the morning sunshine. She heard the sea rolling off on yellow shores a thousand miles away. The birds were coming north over the valley, on their way to multitudes of cities and indifferent to her need.

"Benjy, why, I never thought, until this moment. I don't know anybody in all that world out there. Nobody but my aunt. And if I wrote her it'd make her feel bad, a hundred miles from here, to have to find someone else to read the letter to her. She's got the whalebone corset sort of pride. Make her nervous the next ten years, that letter setting in her house on the mantel. No, no letter to her." Cora's

eyes moved from the hills and the unseen ocean. "Who then? Where? Someone. I just've got to get me some letters."

"Hold on." Benjy fished a dime magazine from his coat. It had a red cover of an undressed woman screaming away from a green monster. "All sorts of addresses in here."

They leafed the pages together. "What's this?" Cora tapped an ad.

"HERE'S YOUR Power Plus FREE MUSCLE CHART. Send name, address," read Benjy. "To Dept. M-3 for Free Health Map!"

"And what about this one?"

"DETECTIVES MAKE SECRET INVESTIGATIONS. PARTICULARS FREE. WRITE: G.D.M. DETECTIVE SCHOOL—"

"Everything's free. Well, Benjy." She looked at the pencil in his hand. He drew up his chair. She watched him turn the pencil in his fingers. She saw him bite his tongue, softly. She saw him squint his eyes. She held her breath. She bent forward. She squinted her own eyes and clamped her tongue.

Now, now Benjy raised his pencil, licked it, and set it down to the paper.

"There it is!" thought Cora.

The first words. They formed themselves slowly on the incredible paper. "Dear Power Plus Muscle Company. Sirs," he wrote.

THE morning blew away on a wind, the morning flowed down the creek, the morning flew off with some ravens, and the sun burned on the cabin roof. Cora didn't turn when she heard a shuffle at the blazing sun-filled door. Tom was there, but not there, nothing was before her but a series of filled pages, a whispering pencil, and Benjy's careful Palmer Penmanship hand. Cora moved her head around, around, with each O, each L, with each small hill of an M, each tiny dot made her head peck like a chicken, each crossed T made her tongue lick across her upper lip.

"It's noon and I'm hungry!" said Tom, almost behind her.

But Cora was a statue now, watching the pencil as one watches a snail leaving an exceptional trail across a flat stone in the early morning.

"It's noon!" cried Tom, again.

Cora glanced up, stunned. "Why, it seems only a moment ago we wrote to that Philadelphia Coin Collecting Company, ain't that right, Benjy?" Cora smiled a dazzling smile. "While you wait for your vittles, Tom, just can't you build that mailbox? Bigger than Mrs. Brabbam's, please?"

"I'll nail up a shoebox."

"Tom Gibbs." She rose pleasantly. Her smile said, better run, better work, better do. "I want a big pretty mailbox, all white, for Benjy to paint our name on in black spelling. I won't have any shoebox for my very first real letter."

And it was done.

Benjy lettered the finished mailbox: MRS. CORA GIBBS, while Tom stood grumbling behind him. "What's it say?" "MR. TOM GIBBS," said Benjy, quietly, painting.

Tom blinked at it for a minute, quietly, and then said, "I'm still hungry. Someone light the fire."

There were no stamps. Tom was made to hitch up the horse and drive to Green Fork to buy some red ones, a green, and ten pink stamps with dignified gentlemen printed on them. But Cora rode along to be certain Tom didn't hurl these first letters in the creek. When they rode home the first thing Cora did, face glowing, was poke in the new mailbox.

"You crazy?" said Tom.

"No harm looking."

That afternoon she visited the mailbox six times. On the seventh, a

woodchuck jumped out. Tom stood laughing in the door, pounding his knees. Cora chased him out of the house still laughing.

Then she stood in the window looking down at her mailbox right across from Mrs. Brabbam's. Ten years ago the widow woman had plunked her letterbox right under Cora's nose almost, when she could as easily have built it up nearer her own cabin. But it gave Mrs. Brabbam an excuse to float like a flower on a river, down the hill path, flip the box wide with a great rustling, from time to time spying up to see if Cora was watching. Cora always was. When caught, she pretended to sprinkle flowers with an empty water can, or dig mushrooms in the wrong season.

NEXT morning Cora was up before the sun had warmed the strawberry patch or the wind had stirred the pines.

Benjy was sitting up in his cot when Cora returned from the mailbox. "Too early," he said. "Postman won't drive by yet."

"Drive by?"

"They come in cars, this far out."

"Oh," Cora sat down.

"You sick, Aunt Cora?"

"No, no." She blinked. "It's just, I don't recall in twenty years seeing no mail truck whistle by here. It just came to me. All this time I never seen no mailman at all."

"Maybe he comes when you're not around."

"I'm up with the fog-spunks, down with the chickens. I never really gave it a thought, of course, but—" She turned to look out the window, up at Mrs. Brabbam's house. "Benjy, I got a kind of sneaking hunch." She stood up and walked straight out of the cabin, down the dust path, Benjy following, across the thin road to Mrs. Brabbam's mailbox. A hush was on the fields and hills. It was so early it made you whisper.

"Don't break the law, Aunt Cora!"

"Shh. Here." She opened the box, put her hand in like someone fumbling in a gopher hole. "And here, and here." She rattled some letters into his cupped hands.

"Why, these been opened already! You open these, Aunt Cora?"

"I never touched them." Her face was stunned. "This is the first time in my life I ever even let my shadow cross this box."

Benjy turned the letters around and around, cocking his head. "Why, Aunt Cora, these letters, they're ten years old!"

"What!" Cora grabbed at them.

"Aunt Cora, she's been getting the same mail every day for years. And they're not even addressed to Mrs. Brabbam, they're to some woman named Ortega in Green Fork."

"Ortega, the Mexican grocery woman! All these years," whispered Cora, staring at the worn mail in her hands. "All these years."

They gazed up at Mrs. Brabbam's sleeping house in the cool quiet morning.

"Oh, that sly woman, making a commotion with her letters, making me feel small. All puffed out she was, swishing along, reading her mail."

Mrs. Brabbam's front door opened.

"Put them back, Aunt Cora!"

Cora slammed the mailbox shut with time to spare.

Mrs. Brabbam drifted down the path, stopping here or there, quietly, to peer at the opening wild flowers.

"Morning," she said, sweetly.

"Mrs. Brabbam, this is my nephew Benjy."

"How nice." Mrs. Brabbam with a great swivel of her body, a flourish of her flour-white hands, rapped the mail-

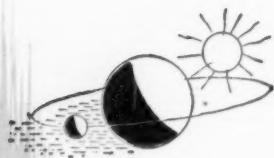
HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR CHILD

Cartoons by Peter Whalley



Q

Is 20 years
a long time?



A

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box as if to shake the letters loose inside, flipped the lid, and extracted the mail, covering her actions with her back. She made motions, and spun about, merrily, winking. "Wonderful! Why just look at this letter from dear Uncle George!"

"Well, ain't that nice!" said Cora.

THEN the breathless summer days of waiting. The butterflies jumping orange and blue on the air, the flowers nodding about the cabin, and the hard constant sound of Benjy's pencil scribbling through the afternoons. Benjy's mouth was always packed with food and Tom was always stomping in to find lunch or supper late, cold, both, or none at all.

Benjy handled the pencil with a delicious spread of his bony hands, lovingly inscribing each vowel and consonant as Cora hovered about him making up words, rolling them on her tongue, delighted each time she saw them spring out on the paper. But she wasn't learning to write. "It's so much fun watching you write, Benjy. Tomorrow I'll start learning. Now take another letter!"

They worked their way through ads about Asthma, Trusses, and Magic, they joined the Rosicrucians, or at least sent for a free sealed book all about the Knowledge that Had been Damned to Oblivion, Secrets from Hidden Ancient Temples and Buried Sanctuaries. Then there were free packets of Giant Sunflower seeds, and something about HEARTBURN. They had worked back to page 127 of Quarter Murder Magazine, on a bright summer morning when . . .

"Listen," said Cora.

They listened.

"A car," said Benjy.

And up the blue hills and through the tall fiery green pines and along the dusty road, mile by mile, came the sound of a car riding along and along, until finally, at the bend, it came full thundering and in an instant Cora was out the door running and as she ran she heard and saw and felt many things. First, from the corner of her eye, she saw Mrs. Brabbam gliding down the road from the other direction. Mrs. Brabbam froze when she saw the bright green car boiling on the grade, and there was the whistle of a silver whistle and the old man in the car leaned out just before Cora arrived and said, "Mrs. Gibbs?" "Yes!" she cried. "Mail for you, ma'am," he said, and held it toward her. She put out her hand, then drew back, remembering. "Oh," she said, "please, would you mind, would you put it, please . . . in my mailbox." The old man squinted at her, at the mailbox, back at her, and laughed. "Don't mind," he said, and did just that—put the mail in the box.

Mrs. Brabbam stood where she was, not moving, eyes wild. "Any mail for Mrs. Brabbam?" asked Cora.

"That's all." And the car dusted away down the road.

Mrs. Brabbam stood with her hands clenched together. Then, without looking in her own letterbox, turned and rustled swiftly up her path, out of sight.

Cora walked around her mailbox twice, not touching it for a long time. "Benjy, I've got me some letters!" She reached in, delicately, and took them out and turned them over. She put them quietly in his hand. "Read them to me. Is my name on the front?"

"Yes'm." He opened the first letter with due carefulness and read it aloud in the summer morning: "Dear Mrs. Gibbs . . ."

He stopped and let her savor it, her eyes half shut, her mouth moving the words. He repeated it for artistic

emphasis, and then went on: "We are sending you our free folder, enclosed, from the Intercontinental Mailing Schools concerning full particulars on how you, too, can take our Correspondence Course in Sanitary Engineering—"

"Benjy, Benjy, I'm so happy! Start over again!"

"Dear Mrs. Gibbs," he read.

AFTER that the mailbox was never empty. The world came rushing and crowding in, all the places she had never seen or heard about or been to. Travel folders, spice cake recipes, and even a letter from an elderly gentleman who wished for a lady "—fifty years old, gentle disposition, money; object matrimony." Benjy wrote back, "I am already married, but thank you for your kind and thoughtful consideration. Yours truly, Cora Gibbs." And the letters continued to pour across the hills; coin collectors' catalogues, novelty books, magic list numbers, arthritis charts, flea killer samples—the world filled up her letterbox and suddenly she was not alone or remote from people. If a man wrote a form letter to Cora about the Mysteries of Ancient Maya Revealed, he was likely as not to receive three letters from Cora in the next week budding out their formal meeting into a warm friendship. After one particularly hard day of writing Benjy was forced to soak his hand in Epsom salts.

By the end of the third week Mrs. Brabbam no longer came down to her mailbox. She didn't even come out the front door of her cabin to get the air, for Cora was always down at the road, leaning out, smiling for the mailman.

All too quickly the summer was at an end, or, at least, that part of the summer that counted most, anyway: Benjy's visit. There was his red bandanna handkerchief on the cabin table, sandwiches folded fresh and oniony in it, tied with a mint-sprig to keep it clean to the smell; there on the floor, freshly polished, were his shoes to get in to, and there on the chair, with his pencil, which had once been long and yellow but was now stubby and chewed, sat Benjy. Cora took hold of his chin and tilted his head, as if she were testing a summer squash of an unfamiliar variety.

"Benjy, I owe you an apology. I don't think I looked at your face once in all this time. Seems I know every wart on your hand, every hangnail, every bump and every crinkle, but I might pass your face in a crowd and miss you."

"It's no face to look at," said Benjy, shyly.

"But I'd know that hand in a million hands," Cora said. "Let anyone shake my hand in a dark room, a thousand people, and out of all those I'd say, Well, *this* one's Benjy." She

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Comment by
William Shakespeare



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Here comes the lady, . . . ROMEO AND JULIET
A poor lone woman, . . . KING HENRY IV
Neither maid, widow nor wife; . . . MEASURE FOR MEASURE
A wretched soull, bruised with adversity, . . . THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
She speaks, yet she says nothing, . . . ROMEO AND JULIET
And then the lover, sighing like a furnace, AS YOU LIKE IT
He has not so much brains as ear wax! . . . TROILUS AND CRESSIDA
But hark! What discord follows; . . . TROILUS AND CRESSIDA
Ye gods, it doth amaze me! . . . JULIUS CAESAR
In the twinkling of an eye . . . THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
One woe doth tread upon another's heel, HAMLET
Fetch me the handkerchief, . . . OTHELLO
I will follow thee to the last gasp, . . . AS YOU LIKE IT
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow! MACBETH

—Georgina Lusse

smiled quietly and walked away to the open door. "I been thinking." She looked up at a distant cabin. "Ain't seen Mrs. Brabham in weeks. Stays in all the time now. I've got a guilty feeling. I've done a prideful thing, a thing more sinful than she ever done me. I took the bottom out of her life. It was a mean and spiteful thing and I'm ashamed." She gazed up the hill toward that silent locked place. "Benjy, would you do me one last favor?"

"Yes'm."

"Write a letter for Mrs. Brabham."

"Ma'am?"

"Yes, write some of those companies, a free chart, a sample, something, and sign Mrs. Brabham's name."

"All right," said Benjy.

"That way in a week or a month the postman'll come by and whistle and I'll tell him to go up to her door, special, and deliver it. And I'll be sure and be out in my front yard where I can see and Mrs. Brabham can see I see. And I'll wave my letters to her and she'll wave her letters to me and everybody'll smile."

"Yes'm," said Benjy.

He wrote three letters, licked the envelopes carefully, stuck them in his pocket. "I'll mail them when I get to Saint Louis."

"It's been a fine summer," she said.

"It sure has."

"But, Benjy, I didn't learn to write, did I? I was after the letters and made you write late nights, and we were so busy sending labels and getting samples, land, it seemed there wasn't time to learn. And that means . . ."

He knew what it meant. He shook her hand. They stood in the cabin door. "Thanks," she said, "for everything."

Then he was running off. He ran as far as the meadow fence, leaped it easily, and the last she saw of him he was still running, waving the special letters, off into the great world over the hills.

THE letters kept coming for some six months after Benjy went away. There would be the postman's little green car and the sharp ice-rimed shout of good morning, or the whistle, as he clapped two or three pink or blue envelopes in that fine mailbox.

And there was that special day when Mrs. Brabham received her first real letter.

After that the letters were spaced a week apart, then a month, and finally the postman didn't say hello at all, there was no sound of a car coming up that lonely mountain road. First a spider moved into the mailbox, then a sparrow.

And Cora, while the letters still lasted, would clutch them in her bewildered hands, staring at them quietly until the pressure of her face muscles squeezed clear round shiny drops of water from her eyes. She'd hold up one blue envelope. "Who's this from?"

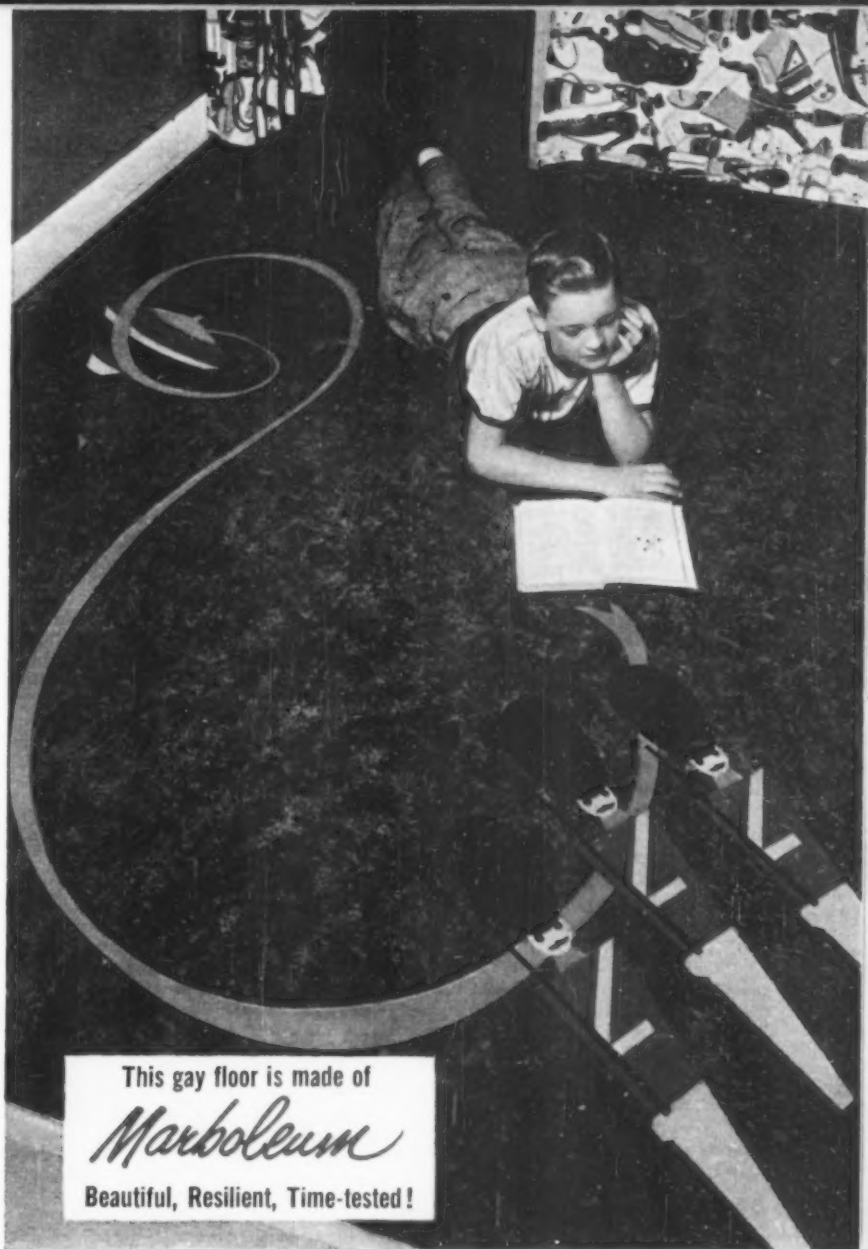
"Don't know," said Tom.

"What's it say?" she wailed.

"Don't know," said Tom.

"What's going on in that world out there, oh, I'll never know, I'll never know now," she said. "And this letter, and this one, and this." She tumbled the stacks and stacks of letters that had come since Benjy ran off. "All the world and all the people and all the happenings, and me not knowing. All that world and people waiting to hear from us, and us not writing, and them not ever writing back!"

And at last the day came when the wind blew the mailbox over. In the mornings again Cora would stand at the open door of her cabin brushing her hair with a slow brush, not speaking, looking at the hills. And in all the years that followed she never passed the fallen mailbox without stooping aimlessly to fumble inside and take her hand out with nothing in it before she wandered on again into the fields. ★



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Donald at the Throttle

Continued from page 9

of luck that came Gordon's way in 1950.

All this time he was busy preparing for his first big test as CNR president: the hearing of the Parliamentary Committee on Railways and Shipping, slated to open in March. For this he had to know everything about the railway from the details of its capital structure down to (actually and literally) the location of a new privy in a rural New Brunswick station. Gordon got through the grilling without a stumble and astonished the members with his grasp of CNR affairs. How or when he acquired it is still a mystery.

For the Gordons were leading a breathlessly busy social life at the same time. A few months before, his wife had been desperately ill but she had made a good recovery and was throwing herself with feverish energy into Donald's new career. Almost their first official act was to hold a giant reception at which the new president, his wife and his two sons (then twenty and thirteen) met all the CNR officials stationed at headquarters, and their wives.

One day in February Mrs. Gordon remarked that they seemed to have engagements for every night in the next six weeks except February 29.

"Maybe that's because this isn't Leap Year," said her husband. "There is no February 29. The day after February 28 is the first of March."

It was on the first of March that Maisie Gordon died, alone in the hotel room where they were then living.

To Gordon this was an utterly shattering blow. When he first met Maisie Barter, on a branch-line train in New Brunswick about twenty-five years before, Donald was still "the youngest inspector of the Bank of Nova Scotia ever had." She had been an active partner in his every forward step since then, at once a spur and a prop to him. With Maisie gone he felt, and told many friends, that life had lost its purpose and meaning.

Nevertheless he plunged into work as if it were an anaesthetic, which it probably was for a time. Parliament would have postponed the railway committee session, but Gordon preferred to go ahead as scheduled. No sooner was that over than he set off on a tour of all CNR lines. Back from that he found the last bleak stages of a protracted labor dispute facing him. It ended in the first railway strike Canada has ever had. To Gordon the strike brought the sting of personal failure, the first he had known in all his life.

At the Wartime Prices and Trade Board he had prided himself on a rare ability to tell people they couldn't do what they wanted, or must do what they didn't want, and make them like it. Gordon, handling what looked like a highly unpopular job, came out of it one of the most popular men in Canada. His method was to make himself thoroughly familiar with both sides of any argument and then work out a solution as fair to all parties as possible. Usually the disputants recognized it as fair. But in any event they had to accept it, because Gordon was boss. He tried to say it in a nice way, but what he said went.

Looking back now at the wage negotiations of 1950 even the friendliest observers think Gordon didn't fully realize how different his position had become.

Railway presidents don't always intervene personally in wage negotiations and, this time, W. A. Mather, CPR president, was inclined to refuse the unions' request for a meeting.

Gordon would have none of that: "We've got to see them, Billy. We can't let this thing go to a strike without doing everything we can think of to settle it."

So the meetings took place and went over the same ground which had been covered in previous negotiations and conciliation board hearings for more than a year. Early in August, Gordon and Mather agreed on a "final offer" which Gordon, as spokesman, would put before the union leaders. Gordon still thinks the men would be better off if that offer had been accepted, but he admits that "final offers" are not good psychology or strategy in labor relations.

To make matters worse, Gordon added a few remarks which are still being quoted against him: "Have a care that in winning an apparent victory you don't damage your own organization. If you force this issue to a conclusion through imposing on the Canadian public the disaster of a strike then we predict you will live to regret it."

Gordon meant that merely as a warning against compulsory arbitration by the government. To the union men it sounded like a threat.

Soon afterward, when negotiations had reached an obvious impasse, Gordon suggested they adjourn for lunch and then hold one last meeting on the off chance that some new avenue of compromise might open up. Union men agreed.

During the luncheon adjournment Gordon said to Mather: "Let's get a statement ready for the Press. Usually it's the union that makes the statement and puts management on the defensive. This time, let's take the initiative ourselves."

So they prepared a statement and had it mimeographed, all ready for distribution to reporters after the expected breakdown of the afternoon meeting. Gordon didn't realize how his tactics looked to the labor men, how clearly they implied a closed mind on the possibility of further bargaining. The meetings had been friendly enough in tone and Gordon had thought himself a monument of patience. He was genuinely shocked at the storm of criticism that descended on his head the minute the strike began.

"Donald rationed food, now he's rationing hours" a typical picket sign read. Labor leaders and rank-and-filers alike denounced his "dictatorial" technique—"Telling us what we're going to do and what hours we're going to work."

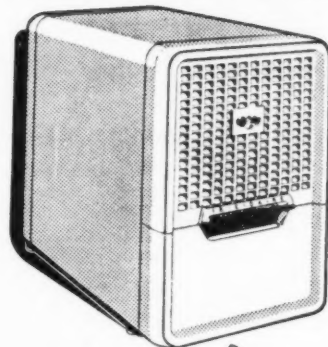
Today, even though they are in the middle of new negotiations which may lead to another rail strike, railway labor leaders admit that the 1950 criticism was unfair to Gordon. The worst of it came from people who had not even been present at the bargaining table, and it was aggravated by an internal feud in railway labor unions which tempted rival leaders to outdo each other in invective.

Men like Frank Hall, of the Railway and Steamship Clerks, and other union leaders now speak of Gordon with personal respect and no rancor. But they do still reproach him for what they call "rigidity" in collective bargaining, and they hope he has profited by the experience of 1950.

One veteran railroader on the management side, a friend and admirer of Donald Gordon, says: "I think he'll succeed in his new job but if he doesn't, this (labor relations) is the rock on which he'll founder."

Be that as it may, Gordon would probably have agreed with this prophecy when the strike took place in August 1950. He felt it was his job to prevent a strike; therefore the strike

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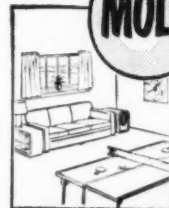


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itself was his fault, his failure. It shook a self-confidence which had never really been shaken before.

His discouragement was linked in a curious way with his grief for his wife. Maisie Gordon used to say to him, only half joking: "I'm your luck." And Donald, only half joking, believed her. In 1950 it certainly did look as if luck was against him.

But the blackest moment in that black year was one which most people have forgotten, or remember as a relatively trivial and amusing incident. His elder son, Donald R. Gordon, is a Queen's University student who works for the Canadian Press during summer vacations. Just before Christmas 1950 a CNR train was nearly wrecked outside Montreal and the neophyte reporter earned his first by-line with an eyewitness story "By Donald R. Gordon" of the misfortune of a CNR train. Donald Sr. still gets his leg pulled about that.

At the time, it wasn't funny.

Gordon had assigned his elder son to do the Christmas shopping for the family. He himself was frantically busy but he wanted, for the younger boy's sake, to make this first Christmas after Maisie's death as nearly a normal one as possible. He was very angry (lost his temper, in fact) when Donald Jr. rang up to say he'd changed his plans and wouldn't be coming to Montreal until late Christmas Eve, too late to buy Christmas presents. After listening to his father's blistering comments on this change of plan Donald Jr. said, all right, all right, he'd take the night train.

Hanging by a Hair

About six o'clock next morning the president of the CNR was awakened by a phone call from a distraught station agent: "Number Sixteen has gone through the bridge at Vaudreuil."

At Vaudreuil the Ottawa River runs fast and deep. If the train had gone through, all four hundred passengers would almost certainly have been drowned and this was the train Donald Gordon had insisted that his eldest son take.

It was half an hour later, probably the worst half hour Gordon will ever have to go through, when vice-president Stanley Dingle called to say it was a near thing, the train seemed to be hanging by a hair beneath the ties. Its locomotive had ripped away, but it hadn't gone through and not a single passenger had been hurt. Gordon's relief was positively painful, like the first breath of a man who has barely escaped drowning.

In view of all this emotional wear and tear it is hardly surprising that Donald Gordon, chairman and president of Canadian National Railways, is not quite the same Donald Gordon so well known as chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, or deputy governor of the Bank of Canada.

Superficially he hasn't changed a bit. The huge figure with the odd shambling gait (Ottawans used to call him "the man who walks like a bear"), the broad quick smile, the endless fund of Scottish songs and almost-proper stories for convivial occasions, the vast enjoyment of food and drink—all these make you think he's exactly the same. But men who know him intimately say he's a different man. At Ottawa he was "Donald" to senior colleagues in the prices board and the bank, and indeed to practically everyone he knew. At the CNR he is Mister Gordon to everybody, including vice-presidents.

He was always a stickler for punctuality, but lately he has been known to refuse to see people who turned up a few minutes late for appointments. He

can be impatient to the point of petulance. A month or so ago he was scheduled to broadcast on the CBC, an engagement his own public-relations department had requested. Gordon couldn't work out a speech that satisfied him, so at the last minute, after publicity on the program had already been sent out, he canceled it.

But among the Gordon qualities which haven't changed are the tireless industry, the astonishing capacity to digest new facts, the keen eye for appraising a new situation, which were famous in the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. One CPR executive admitted, somewhat ruefully, that Gordon's experience has probably been more useful to a man in charge of a railway than a lifetime of actual rail-roading.

"I love to show my ignorance," Gordon often says. The truth is, he learned long ago to make ignorance a weapon and a tool. Gordon's persistent "Why do you do it that way?" may sound naive to some, but is wonderfully effective in exposing the obsolete.

Not long after coming to the CNR Gordon noticed an old dilapidated plant which manufactured gas for CNR dining cars and old-style lights. It belonged to a small supply company and it was located bang in the middle of the CNR's Turcot yard, Montreal, where it created a variety of traffic problems and nuisances.

"Why don't you buy that place and tear it down?" Gordon asked.

"Well, the owners wanted too much money for it."

"How much money?"

They told him.

"Why is that too much money? What's your standard of measurement?"

Come to think of it, nobody quite knew. It just seemed a high price, that's all, higher than a fair market value.

Gordon said: "Give me an estimate as soon as you can of how much it is costing the CNR to have that building right in the way of its operation like this."

So they prepared an estimate. It turned out that the CNR was paying out every year, in extra unnecessary expenses, seven eighths of the purchasing price of the old gas plant.

Gordon is the first to point out, of course, that this fairly typical incident doesn't prove the CNR is stupid and he brilliant. It merely shows the attitude which twenty years of forced economy has beaten into the average CNR man's head. Ever since Sir Henry Thornton left it has been a capital crime to spend a nickel, even for the purpose of saving a dime. CNR officials have been taught not even to ask for things unless they're absolutely necessary.

Gordon is trying to break that tradition. "Stop trying to be president," he tells his department heads. "Your job is to tell me what you need to run a railroad, not what you think you can get by with. It's my job, not yours, to decide whether or not we can afford it."

One of the first things he had to do as president was order some new boxcars. He asked at once how many boxcars were required to give the road all the equipment it needed for ideal operation.

Nobody knew. The idea was not how many boxcars they wanted, but how many they couldn't get on without. Finally, after much prodding from Gordon and much incredulity from the freight traffic department, they came up with an estimated requirement of two thousand cars.

Gordon ordered five thousand. He thought, rightly, that this might help them realize times had changed.

Eighteen months later he was astonished to find on his desk another



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request for new boxcars. He asked for details. Why did they need more when they'd got twice as many as they asked for last year? It turned out on investigation that eight percent of all CNR boxcars were out of service, awaiting repair. Gordon kept on looking until he located the bottlenecks that were delaying the repair job, and cut the percentage of out-of-order cars down to three percent. The effect was the same as if he had ordered several thousand new cars, and everybody was happy.

One reason why Gordon finds it easier to spot these things than many

an older hand, perhaps, is that the CNR has never trained men to be all-round railroaders. They start in one department and stay there until, in the course of time, they end up as vice-president in charge of that particular function. They never do acquire any experience in other departments—or, at least, they didn't until Gordon arrived.

"It isn't just our company," a veteran CNR man explained. "The whole railroad industry suffers from what you might call chief-clerkism." You would look a long time before

finding anyone less like a chief clerk than Donald Gordon.

Fundamentally his attitude is still that of a customer. At his first press conference as CNR president-elect late in 1949 the six-foot-four Donald Gordon was asked by six-foot-four Ross Munro whether he could do anything to lengthen railway berths. Gordon grinned and said he'd try. He hasn't been able to fix that particular item, but he has kept an eye on what the public wants.

Not long ago one sleeping car on the overnight Toronto-Montreal run had

trouble with its heating and ventilation system. The car got so hot nobody could sleep; passengers ended the night riding in the baggage car. Gordon made no great fuss about the breakdown itself (accidents happen in the best regulated railways) but he did enquire what the company was doing to soothe the ruffled feelings of those passengers. Had anyone offered them their money back? Had anyone even written them a letter of explanation and apology? If not, why not? Please look after that kind of public relations in the future.

Gordon is also a banker by trade, with a shrewd and sceptical interest in what the public is willing to pay for. He was dismayed to find that railways take no systematic steps to survey their own market, find out what kind of travel accommodation people want badly enough to meet its cost. Instead, they tend to set standards for each other which competition then forces both to meet.

Dining-car service is a case in point. Railways lose about a dollar on every meal served aboard trains. Even at that, they have to charge such high prices that they serve only eight percent of the traveling public; the rest take box lunches or buy sandwiches. Gordon is already trying out a dining-car service which offers no frills, no linen napkins or gleaming tablecloths; instead, plastic dishes and steel cutlery, with a single menu and no choices. It will pay its way. He is also planning an even cheaper cafeteria service for coach passengers. So far, the public's reaction to the experiment seems favorable. They'd rather be fed rapidly and cheaply than queue up for a luxury-hotel-type meal.

Gordon's reputation as a big man who makes big decisions is nationwide. Late one evening, a year or so ago, the doorbell rang in the fairly luxurious apartment where he lives alone. He answered it himself and found in the hallway an elderly woman whom he had never seen before but who said she had been a friend of his wife.

"I'm in great trouble," she said, "and I want your advice."

It turned out she was a Christian Scientist; she had developed some sort of growth which she desperately feared was cancer and she wanted to see a doctor. Her fellow religionists were urging her not to. What should she do?

Gordon was bewildered. "I know absolutely nothing about it," he said. "I'm not a doctor, I'm not a clergyman, I'm not a Christian Scientist. Why on earth are you asking me?"

"You're a man who is used to making decisions," the woman replied, "and that's what I want you to do for me."

Gordon did. "If I were you I'd go to the best specialist in internal medicine I could find," he said. "I wouldn't let anyone persuade me out of it."

A few months later his visitor rang him up to say she had taken his advice, had an operation, was completely cured and felt better than she had in years. She was grateful.

Canadian National Railways, having hired Gordon under somewhat similar circumstances for somewhat similar reasons, may already have begun to feel a somewhat similar satisfaction. ★

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Should Christ Be Allowed In the Classroom?

Continued from page 5

Two, the trend gained momentum rapidly. The juvenile delinquency of the war years and the fact of the war itself were regarded as evidence that modern education had become too materialistic and secular, that in barring religion we were also barring the basis of moral and ethical training.

Religious exercises, which need to be carefully distinguished from religious instruction, are now a normal opening and closing feature of practically all Canadian schools. The Lord's Prayer and daily Bible readings are demanded by the school acts of six provinces. In the other four (Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba and Saskatchewan) religious exercises are permitted if desired locally, and few school areas now ban the practice. Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia guard against controversial entanglements with the stipulation that religious exercises be carried out "without explanation or comment." Their policy: we'll read the Bible to the children but parents or their church can tell them what it means.

The four provinces which still exclude all religious instruction from the schools are Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia. But in two of these (Nova Scotia and British Columbia) the stand against religion in schools is weakening. Nova Scotia now permits its schools to be used for religious classes by teachers or clergymen where parents request it—but only after school hours. And a government committee is working out a plan of religious education which, if accepted, may become obligatory in Nova Scotia schools. The official British Columbia attitude toward religion in schools is still pretty much a hands-off policy, even to the point of ruling that clergymen are ineligible as teachers or school trustees. But British Columbia has approved an optional high-school course in Bible study, and students passing this course are awarded credits toward their high-school graduation. However, the course must be taken outside school and after school hours.

The Protestant schools of Quebec, which are left to operate more or less within a denominational framework because of the extensive development of Roman Catholic separate schools in that province, have had religious courses for years but any pupil can be excused at the request of parents. Ontario brought in an officially prescribed course of religious education for its public schools in 1944, although schools or individual pupils are granted exemptions when school boards or parents request it.

Newfoundland province, like the Roman Catholics, is outside the religion-in-schools controversy because most schools there are denominational schools, operated by the Church of England, Roman Catholic Church, United Church, Salvation Army or Seventh Day Adventists. Only thirty-three of the province's twelve-hundred-odd schools are nondenominational. Usually the district clergyman is chairman of the local school board and since the character and amount of religious instruction is left to the local boards there is considerable religious education of a denominational nature.

In Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta religious education is optional under permissive legislation which passes the buck to local school boards. These provinces say in effect:

"Call in a clergyman and teach religion if you want to." Ontario's plan with its provisions for exemptions can be interpreted as a policy of: "Here it is, you must teach it unless you have permission not to."

Ontario has published a series of teachers' guide books, one for each of the first six grades, which set down lesson by lesson a recommended course for teachers to follow. The principle—and the content of the textbooks themselves—sparked the first large-scale Canadian battle over the religion-in-schools issue since religion's

temporary banishment from schools more than half a century ago. Letters-to-editor columns bristled with opinions for and against. Hundreds of ministers and rabbis preached sermons on the question. Jews criticized the texts because they contained too much Christian doctrine; many Protestants, especially Presbyterians, criticized them because there was not enough Christian doctrine. Organizations sprang up, passed resolutions, circulated petitions and inserted large advertisements in newspapers with such contentious headings as Religious Free-

dom at Stake and Religious Freedom Upheld.

Meanwhile an Ontario royal commission had begun a study of the province's whole educational system in 1945. Mr. Justice Hope and his fellow commissioners were deluged with briefs and representations decrying the religious education plan. In December 1950 the Hope report (nine hundred and thirty-three pages) was made public. It called Ontario's religious education plan "eminently satisfactory," recommended not only that it be continued but that it be broadened

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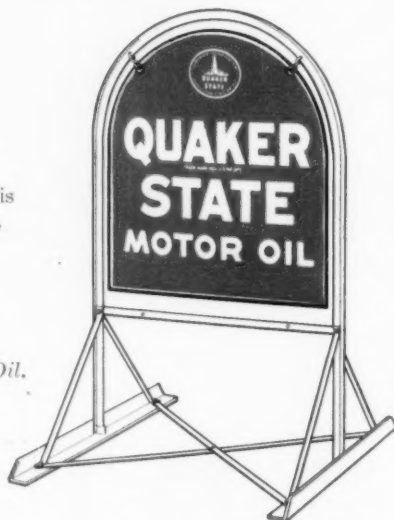


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to include secondary schools and junior colleges.

Religion-in-schools opponents had apparently taken a trouncing. But they have by no means been silenced.

What, fundamentally, is the fighting all about? What does religion in schools really mean in terms of what children are taught? The Ontario course is typical of the simplified, nondoctrinal courses on Bible stories and Christian living that are today being adopted in Britain and many U.S. states.

At Pape Avenue School in Toronto, Principal Clare Fallis and teachers from four different grades—all of them strong believers in the practical value of religious education—gave me a digest on the Ontario course, discussed some typical lessons for the different grade levels and commented on the effect of religious education on children.

"Children of the first two or three grades cannot understand figurative language and abstract ideas," Mary MacNabb, a Grade One teacher, pointed out. "Christ is introduced to them as their loving Friend. The lessons endeavor to make His human personality real and living to the child. Lessons on His divinity have to wait until later."

The Grade One course consists of simple Bible, nature and harvest stories which dramatize in child language the harvest gifts of God and teach the virtue of helping parents and neighbors. Many of the lessons have no Biblical connection. God is introduced through nature stories of bursting buds, baby chicks and tadpoles. The problem of racial prejudice gets attention in missionary stories of children in other lands.

Lesson One is a simple tale of how the Heavenly Father, the farmer, the miller and the baker team up to provide our bread. By Lesson Twenty-five, pupils are introduced to the Easter story of the resurrection in an account of Mary's meeting with Jesus in the garden. The Grade One children are told with no elaboration that "Jesus had risen from the dead." The emphasis is on Mary's joy at meeting Jesus again; no attempt is made to explain the story's religious significance. The guide book instructs teachers: "We are laying a foundation for a later understanding of the deep spiritual meaning underlying the resurrection."

The Grade Two course introduces the concept of God as Creator and fills in more details of the life of Christ with stories of His babyhood and boyhood. Again nature stories are used to develop the child's understanding of God.

The first two lessons deal with the Biblical story of creation. Teachers are warned: "The teacher should be prepared for the question 'Who made God?' and simply state that God has always existed."

The creation story as offered to the Grade Two pupils of Ontario is a cautious blending of the story of Genesis with modern geological and astronomical fact. Genesis is accompanied by the explanation that God provided day and night by making the earth round and having it move in a path which turned it daily from sunlight to darkness. The story reverts to Genesis with a few sentences on God's creation of the moon and stars and His preparation for His children by the creation of dry land, seas and mountains. Then the account is embellished with some fundamentals of modern geology: "Deep valleys were carved out by swiftly running rivers . . . Sunlight and wind and rain and ice crumbled rocks to dust, making rich soil." Then a bit more astronomy: "The world rolled on its path, some-



MACLEAN'S

times feeling the sun's warmth very much, sometimes less, and so came seasons to the world . . . Frost and snow, mist and sunshine—God gave them all to make the world beautiful for His children."

The Genesis six-day timetable of creation is not mentioned. When did creation occur? "So long ago that nobody knows when. There was no round world, nor sun, nor moon, nor any living thing. But there was God. Before the very beginning God was there."

By Lesson Three the story of creation is ended. It consists of a modern non-Biblical story of a small child's garden to show that God's creative work still goes on. Nowhere in Ontario's prescribed course of religious education do Adam and Eve, the forbidden fruit or the doctrine of original sin receive a mention.

The Bible provides very little information on the childhood of Jesus. But the Grade Two course goes into detailed accounts of Jesus' boyhood and home life which are frankly described to the teachers as fictional stories based on historical knowledge of how Jewish children of His time lived. Several stories of His playmates, picnics and schooldays, though without Biblical basis, are provided to picture His early life in terms of everyday happenings that public-school children of today will understand. Late in the Grade Two course the first reference to the Old Testament appears, but continuity and the link with Jesus is retained by treating them as lessons in Jesus' school life. The lives of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are described as stories told to Jesus, and Jesus, as the fascinated listener, remains the central figure.

In the Grade Three course God is again introduced through the medium of stories about growth and harvest. Teachers are warned: "With town children there is a danger that they will think that everything begins in a tin. Certainly they will find it harder to go farther back than the store. These stories should help them to a better understanding of God's part in providing the food we eat." To the dismay of some ministers the teachers are advised to use labels from tins of food to illustrate a lesson on foods from other lands. One minister angrily commented: "Are we supposed to believe that religion can be taught from a pork and beans label?"

The Grade Three course gets on a slightly more theological level by describing Christ in the Christmas story as "the Son of God" and "God's great Gift to us." At Easter, however, the teachers are advised: "To a later period in the life of the pupil must be

left the detailed story of the trial, death and resurrection of our Lord, since children of Grade Three are not ready for the complete story."

Grade Four receives eighteen lessons on Christ's role as teacher and healer, then a series on how the apostles carried on Christ's work after His ascension. One lesson is devoted to the story of the upper room in which Christ's simple and uneducated disciples received the power of the Holy Ghost which enabled them to become preachers and spread the gospel of Christ. The Bible puts considerable emphasis on the fact that the power of the Holy Ghost enabled the disciples to preach in whatever tongue their listeners happened to use, so that the spread of the gospel "to the uttermost parts of the earth" could be accomplished in spite of language barriers. But pupils learn merely that "power from God suddenly came upon the friends of Jesus . . . The slow of speech were talking freely, and timid ones had lost all sense of fear . . ." The gift of tongues is nowhere alluded to.

The Grade Four course ends with a series to show that Christ's followers are still carrying on the work begun by the disciples. There are lessons on Dr. Barnardo, the creator of Britain's Barnardo homes for homeless children, on Dr. Grenfell and his Labrador missions, and on Florence Nightingale.

The Grade Five course is devoted entirely to a study of the Old Testament. "The hand of God in Hebrew history is shown preparing the way for the coming of His Son," states the introduction. Teachers are warned against stressing the Old Testament concept of a harsh and inconsistent God. "We need not dwell in detail on the plagues of Egypt, and we must guard against showing a God who hardens Pharaoh's heart and then punishes him ruthlessly because he would not relent towards the Hebrews." In Grade Five, for the first time, it is recommended that pupils read the Bible passages connected with each lesson.

Grade Six returns to the New Testament and a detailed study of the life of Christ. But here, still, teachers are warned that children are not yet mentally developed to the point where they can understand Christianity's fundamental doctrine—that Christ was a divine intervention in mankind's

history as a revelation in human form of the nature of God. "It is hoped," the guide book says, "that through the simplified accounts in this guide, some gleam of this great and glorious fact will dawn upon them and be the foundation for a more advanced study in the senior grades."

Christ's crucifixion is covered in two paragraphs. The teacher's guide says: "There are special difficulties in handling this lesson, in view of the sacredness of the subject, its profound significance, and the danger of blunting the children's appreciation by too much detail, and of using adult theological phrases that are meaningless to pupils of this age."

Ontario has not yet published religious textbooks for the last two grades of public school—Seven and Eight—and there is no detailed course of study for these grades. It is recommended that teachers in these grades link together the disconnected stories of the earlier grades into a complete historical picture, and that the gospels be studied directly from the Bible with emphasis on their ethical implications. Because of pressure of other subjects religious education gets less attention in these grades.

What do the children, oblivious to all the argument among their elders, think of religious education?

"They love it!" declared Victoria Mullan, a teacher at Wilkinson School in Toronto. "If you tell them there is not enough time for a Bible lesson today a groan fills the classroom. From my experience I would say the Bible study has become their favorite school subject. The more dramatic stories like Paul's shipwreck and David and Goliath hold them spellbound."

Is it having any effect on the moral development of children?

"I'm sure it is," Principal Clare Fallis of Pape Avenue School told me. As he spoke he reached into a drawer of his desk and drew out several articles—a boy's pocket watch, jack-knife, a ten-dollar bill, a two-dollar bill. "These are all articles that have been found and turned in by pupils in the last week or two," he said.

"The rate at which articles found by pupils are turned in voluntarily is a gauge of pupil honesty that every principal has," Fallis said. "In recent years the practice has become much commoner among public-school chil-

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dren. I give religious education a lot of the credit."

But Ontario's course of religious education has been bitterly condemned as a heretical falsification and distortion of the Bible by many ministers.

"It should be called a course on how to win friends and influence people, it's not a course on religion," Dr. A. Neil Miller, a leading Presbyterian, charges. "It uses Bible stories to illustrate a few simple ideals of practical living, but the Bible's great and basic truths are ignored."

Most Protestant ministers have approved of the course as a simplified introduction to the Bible and religious thought but some have bitterly criticized its stress on practical living and its almost complete neglect of theology and Christian doctrine.

One committee of ministers who reviewed the textbooks concluded: "The errors and misrepresentations are embedded in the very structure of the books, not merely in details. No revision will suffice. A curriculum so deeply committed to a falsifying of God's Word cannot be revised. It can only be abolished."

Their biggest complaint: "The bovine equanimity with which ordinary drawing-room deportment is palmed off as the Christian faith is little short



Faint Echo

Tiger, tiger, in the zoo,
What has prison done to you?
Where's that ruthless, stalking
prowl?
How about a little growl?
Tiger, tiger, you've gone flat...
Just another pussy cat.

—Henna Arond Zack

of alarming . . . God and Jesus are completely humanized . . . There is no suggestion that the profound religious purport of the Bible might be that God sent His only begotten Son into the world to save sinners. No suggestion whatever that Jesus is the Saviour. No hint that the theme of the Bible is man's salvation from sin, death, the devil and the world by God's free grace in Jesus Christ alone. And of course no allusion to the resurrection of the dead, the second coming of our Lord and the last judgment."

Some ministers contend that the moralizing tendency of the course preaches a doctrine of salvation by good living instead of the Christian doctrine of salvation through faith in Christ. Hell is mentioned nowhere, heaven is represented merely as the home of God. "Nature study is substituted for Bible study, nature worship takes the place of the worship of God."

In Ontario, the ancient dispute over religion in the schools comes into the clearest focus because the course of study is set forth more clearly than in most other provinces. But the dispute is by no means confined to Ontario. Minority groups in every province contend it is the parents—not the state's—duty to teach a child the religion of his family's choice.

The minority who find it most difficult to accept religion in the schools are the Jews, who do not recognize the divinity of Christ or accept the New Testament as Holy Scripture.

"It approaches perilously close to totalitarian methods," says Rabbi Abraham L. Feinberg, of Holy Blossom Temple, Toronto, spiritual leader of Canada's largest Reform Hebrew congregation and an outspoken campaigner against religious teaching in public schools. "The function of the school is to bring children together from diverse backgrounds and to teach them to work and play together regardless of political or religious differences. In the public schools all creeds and origins should meet on common ground."

Rabbi Feinberg says provisions which permit parents to have their children withdrawn from classes in religion subject the children to the embarrassment, reproach and psychological hazard of being set apart as different from the majority, a sort of "inferior class." The Rabbi said that occasionally such children have been obliged to wait in halls and then conspicuously file back into classrooms when the religious study ends.

"The fact that many Jewish children of Ontario attend the religion courses usually means an act of resignation, a choice of what the parents think is the less injurious of two evils. Rather than make their youngsters advertise their religious differences many Jewish mothers simply let them remain in class."

One small Toronto Jewish girl told her mother: "We Jews are bad. We killed Christ. The teacher read about it from a book."

What about the teachers? "Teachers are only human," Dr. W. E. Blatz, psychologist and director of the Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto, says. "They are of many different faiths and it is only natural for their personal religious views to enter into their teaching of the Scriptures. To expose children to the varied interpretations of teachers of different faiths can lead only to mental confusion."

A greater hazard is the teacher with strong religious views who deliberately takes advantage of the religious study period to advance the propaganda of his own faith, to convert minorities and ridicule other religions.

Within a year after Ontario instituted its religion course a teacher of the Cochrane area of northern Ontario, a member of the Jehovah's Witnesses, was dismissed from two different schools for teaching the specific tenets of her own faith to all pupils in her class.

Critics claim that a course in religion that doesn't go into denominational differences and doctrine is as incomplete and meaningless as a course of automotive mechanics in which trade names like Ford and Buick are taboo. Such a course would turn out mechanics who know only a sort of hybrid, composite automobile that doesn't exist. A non-denominational course in religion does the same thing, its critics say.

Of the Ontario plan, Dr. Arthur C. Cochrane, then a Presbyterian minister of Port Credit, Ont., now a professor of theology at the University of Dubuque, Iowa, said in 1945: "The idea that the state can teach the Bible without doctrine implies that the doctrines of the church are superimposed upon the Bible; that they are not Bible teaching. The church must repudiate this implication for the sake of her very existence."

The Canadian Jewish Congress said in its brief on religious education to Ontario's Hope commission: "In a futile attempt to fashion some form of religious education (which would satisfy



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all) there has been an unfortunate tendency to seek for a 'lowest common denominator' into which all religious denominations may be squeezed. This will ultimately rob religion of its personal and intimate emotional content."

To offend no one, the critics say, a religious course must be reduced to such vagueness that it can satisfy no one.

Finally, the case against religious education is supported by a few psychologists and others who argue that religion and Bible knowledge is not the automatic cure-all for immorality and antisocial behavior that its defenders claim.

Dr. Blatz notes the claim that conventional religious instruction appears to have little to do with morality. Dr. George Rex Mursall, chief psychologist of the Ohio Department of Welfare, compared groups of boys in Ohio reform schools with law-abiding children outside. He found that inmates of the reformatories had previously received as much religious training as those outside. He concluded: "It seems safe to state that there is no significant relation between religious training and delinquent behavior."

Prof. Hightower, of the University of Iowa, tested three thousand children for lying and cheating and concluded: "There appears to be no relationship of any consequence between Biblical information and the different phases of conduct."

The case for religion in schools is presented with equal vigor by its adherents.

Their argument is the growing conviction that there is something wrong with the way we have been shaping our youth. The increase in divorces, periodic outbreaks of juvenile delinquency, vandalism, lack of sportsmanship have all been cited as evidence that our educational system has been failing to inculcate the basic virtues of honesty, fair play, tolerance and unselfishness. The source and support of these virtues, the defenders of religious education argue, is the Christian religion. Ontario's Hope report on education says: "The ideals from which our standards of conduct are derived find their origin in religion. A spiritual faith based on absolute values is the rock upon which character and conduct are built."

About fifty percent of Canadian children are not enrolled in any Sunday schools. Where the public schools are excluding religion this great body of youth has been said to be growing up into "religious illiterates" completely ignorant of the Bible, church history and the fundamental role that Christianity has played in molding the culture and democratic institutions of our Western civilization. Religion-in-schools advocates claim that the influence of Greece and Rome on the

development of Western culture and government has been disproportionately stressed while the influence of Palestine's Judaism and Christianity has been largely ignored in an effort to avoid religious controversy.

The Inter-Church Committee on Weekday Religious Education, a Protestant organization active since the Thirties in promoting religion in public schools, has contended that in banning religion from schools the schools are not merely remaining neutral, but are exerting a powerful though unintentional influence against religion. The exclusion of religion and the emphasis on the sciences, history and mathematics convey the suggestion to children that religion is unimportant and irrelevant in modern life.

Yet the world crisis today is basically a battle of faiths. The real strength of Communism is not its bullets and bombs, it is the militant, fanatical faith it inspires in its followers. And only a stronger faith of our own will defeat it, a faith in the value of individual freedom and democracy, the Western heritage which has its roots in Judaism, Christianity and the Bible. By leaving religion out of schools, it is argued, we have been depriving youth of the basic enduring faith and loyalty that is the foundation of our defense against the freedom-sapping tide of totalitarianism.

As for the fears of religious minorities that religion in schools will inevitably mean the teaching to many children of denominational doctrines in which they don't believe, advocates of religious education argue that the threat to minority rights is exaggerated but where the problem does arise the desires of the majority should rule. Canada is by tradition a Christian country. Where Roman Catholics are numerous their rights are protected by separate schools. Canadian Protestant churches have claimed, in the main, that minorities have no right to deprive the majority of the privilege of teaching the religious traditions in which they believe.

This is the case for and against religion in schools.

Is it the church's answer to religious illiteracy and the growing acceptance of materialistic philosophies? Is it democracy's answer to the menace of Communism?

Or is it an undemocratic interference with personal liberty that will open up old sores and turn Canada into a bickering Balkans of religious factions?

We may soon know. For in the whole vast and bewildering chaos of idea and arguments there is only one certainty above dispute. It is the simple fact that, in spite of the seemingly irreconcilable nature of the controversy, religion is coming back to the public schools of Canada, Britain and the U.S. ★

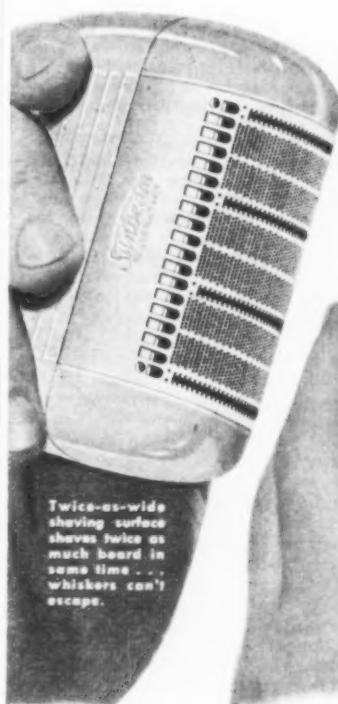
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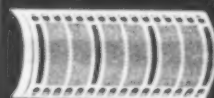
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(ADVERTISEMENT)

The Empire's Dutiful Daughters

Continued from page 11

governor-general on the grounds that this hinted at "an insidious and determined plan towards the gradual emergence of a republican state." The IODE vociferously attacked the decision to discard the Privy Council in London as the final court of Canadian appeal; cried "No!" to the creation of Royal Canadian Corps of Infantry in place of the old regimental order of battle; denounced the Defense Department for discouraging Rule Britannia as the RCN song; howled down the proposal to erase "Royal Mail" from postal trucks, and threw up their hands in horror at the dropping of the word "Dominion" from Canadian statutes. Mrs. B. B. Osler, the fashionable wife of a Toronto lawyer and boss of the IODE's anti-Communism campaign, sustained the order's fame for strong punching by writing in a recent issue of Echoes, its quarterly magazine:

Every one of the reasons the Prime Minister has given us for abolishing the term Dominion is fatuously irrelevant and an affront to the intelligence of the public.

Six months ago a northern Ontario chapter rubbed vinegar into many raw wounds by demanding a period of two years' military conscription.

In 1950, looking down their noses at shows of Canadian ignorance on how to drink the royal toast, the IODE circulated an outline of correct procedure and got, in some quarters, a satirical press.

Many Daughters are married to politicians and thus are open to suspicion of backstairs finagling. It is no secret that it was the IODE which cajoled the Ontario Government into restoring the emblem of the crown on automobile number plates.

One of the biggest political gaffs ever made by the IODE was in 1948 when they fought to prevent Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the "Red" Dean of Canterbury, from getting permission to address so-called peace meetings in this country. For this failure to remember the principles of free speech the Daughters were described by the Varsity, the University of Toronto's student paper, as "roughly equivalent to the USA's Daughters of the American Revolution" and equally intolerant.

To the Daughters this was a sabre cut. Somewhat humbled by the memory, they admit today they were then sadly at fault.

But Lord Alexander, the former governor-general, told the IODE at their fiftieth anniversary meeting in Montreal two years ago that their impact on Canadian life had been stupendous. Most people who judge the Daughters for their works as well as for their sometimes inflammatory words can find ample reason to agree.

Last year the thirty-two thousand Daughters, unaided by any outsider, raised just under one million dollars, or about thirty dollars a head, and spent nearly every penny hitting Communism in its breeding grounds of want, ignorance, and prejudice.

The money came from making jam, knitting sweaters, embroidering tablecloths, collecting junk, sponsoring stage shows, running raffles, fashioning jewelry, rearing indoor plants and a gamut of other household handicrafts.

It was spent on bursaries at English universities for the sons and daughters of veterans; English lessons for foreign immigrants; cigarettes for Commonwealth troops in Korea and Europe; patriotic literature for distribution in

schools; and a thousand individual acts of benevolence, like caring for a stranded Dutch family, sending a North American Indian to an institute for the deaf, providing an exhibition for a promising artist and rushing a Christmas hamper to a home impoverished by sickness.

Among scores of well-known Canadians who have profited by post-graduate scholarships paid for out of the IODE First and Second War Memorial Funds are Matthew Halton, the writer and CBC commentator; John Pickersgill, secretary to the federal cabinet; Carlyle Smith Beals, the Dominion Astronomer; and Allie Vibert Douglas, Dean of Women at Queen's University, Kingston.

In World War One the IODE produced and spent five million dollars and in World War Two six million dollars on comforts for the services and on machine guns, tanks, aircraft, hospitals and ambulances for the Commonwealth nations.

One widespread fallacy about the IODE is that its ranks are limited to women of English, Irish, Scots and Welsh descent. Canadiennes belong to chapters throughout Quebec; one chapter in Sherbrooke is entirely French-speaking and one, in Quebec City, is entirely Jewish. On the prairies there are five Ukrainian chapters and one Icelandic chapter. In British Columbia one chapter boasts an East Indian member, another a Syrian. An Ontario executive member is Mrs. O. M. Martin, whose husband Brigadier Martin, a Toronto magistrate, is a full-blooded North American Indian.

Although many of those who don't know much about it have a vague idea that the IODE's members all belong to the Anglican Church, its national president, Mrs. John H. Chipman, and many other officers are United Church members, and other creeds represented in the order include Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox and Ukrainian Autocephalic.

The rules of membership say: "Any woman or girl who is a British subject shall be eligible." Since all Canadian citizens are British subjects no one is barred, except immigrants from outside the Commonwealth who have failed, after the statutory five years' residence, to take out naturalization papers. Even these may become honorary members if they "are interested in the promotion of the objects of the order."

One probable cause of the IODE's undeserved reputation for snobbishness is that it believes deeply in the principle of birds of a feather flocking together. Every chapter is composed of friends who may be utterly different in outlook from the chapter up the street. Recruits may be introduced to a chapter by a member. Before she is accepted the recruit must attend at least three meetings. She is told: "This is not so much to see whether we like you but whether you like us." After

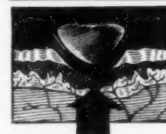
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My neighbor's grass looks fresh and green
And enviably neat.
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Looks good enough to eat.
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It's patchy, matted, sere —
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And kids play over here.

—Leonard K. Schiff

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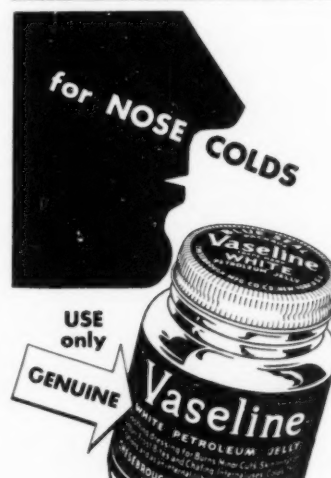


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the trial period the chapter votes on whether she is suitable. If unsuitable, yet still keen to become a Daughter, she must get an introduction to another chapter, or get at least nine friends and found a chapter of her own.

There is no such thing as a transfer from one chapter to another. If a woman removes elsewhere she must resign from her chapter. Introduction cards, however, are sent to the IODE in her new district and she is called upon by a Daughter who invites her to face another trial period in one of the chapters where it is thought she will fit in.

Scores of chapters are formed by working girls. One Toronto chapter owes its origin to a group of chambermaids in the Royal York Hotel.

Roughly a thousand primary chapters of the IODE, from Victoria to St. John's, are named after places, people, battles and ships, stippling the pattern of British imperial history. Ottawa has its Arnhem chapter, Vancouver its Unknown Warrior, Calgary its Colonel Macleod, Regina its Byng of Vimy, Winnipeg its Pilot Officer Selby Roger Henderson (after a local hero), Toronto its Lady Tweedsmuir, Quebec City its General Turner, VC, Fredericton its Sir Leonard Tilley and Halifax its HMS Temeraire.

Chapters have an average membership of around thirty and pay annual dues of about three dollars per head, which pays clerical salaries and administrative costs. The IODE has never asked for donations from the public.

Ruth Edwards, of York Chapter, Toronto, is a typical IODE ranker. She is a smart, witty, vivacious woman in her middle thirties. Her husband, Jack Edwards, is a salesman of paper products. They have one daughter, aged five, live in a pleasant six-room house and drive a 1951 Chrysler car for both business and pleasure. They attend a United Church. Ruth has belonged to the IODE for five years.

Among her fellow members are Vera Yuill, its regent, or chief, wife of a Bell Telephone Company executive; Evie Rogers, wife of the Star Weekly editor; Jean Peacock, an unmarried business girl; Helen Grand, wife of a member of the Grand and Toy stationery firm, and Jeanie Hersenhoren, whose Jewish husband is a well-known Canadian musician.

Most of Ruth's colleagues are within a few years of her own age and live in the Lawrence Park district of Toronto. Ruth has seen a lot of IODE women, both in and out of her own chapter. She defines them thus: "They are very loyal, very sharp, very active, very jolly and very well corseted, and they wouldn't be found dead downtown without a hat and gloves."

Ruth uses the word Empire in preference to Commonwealth when speaking of the family of the British nations, and believes that Canada should maintain strong ties with the United Kingdom and the other Commonwealth countries and colonies. She doesn't talk a great deal about the Empire in company but is proud to belong to it and believes it is a great power for good in world affairs. She subscribes wholeheartedly to the primary IODE object: "To stimulate and give expression to the sentiments of patriotism which bind women and children of the Empire around the throne."

Ruth's husband is often out of town on business and she usually has to pay a baby sitter in order to attend York Chapter meetings, which are held twice a month in each of the members' homes in turn.

There are two types of meeting—work and business. Work meetings are periods of concentrated industry in which each Daughter carries on with

handicrafts she pursues at home or helps with co-operative efforts. Ruth makes needle cases out of leather, dolls from wool and wire, woolly mitts and babies' bonnets. At work meetings last year she and another Daughter took charge of a combined operation which produced one hundred and twenty fancy aprons. These later sold for one hundred and sixty dollars.

Some of the other Daughters melt down ordinary candles, dye the wax, then fashion thick ornamental candles for Christmas decorations. Others make Christmas wreaths and novel-

ties. A third group makes telephone-book covers out of colored felt, dolls' cribs out of old Pabulum boxes, patchwork quilts from odds and ends, and embroidered guest towels. One York Daughter reared a number of exotic indoor plants. All of them contributed big trays of home cooking. At a bazaar, one afternoon early this year, the twenty-four girls sold their twelve months' combined output of goods for more than a thousand dollars.

Another way Ruth helped to raise funds was by selling tickets for a professional dramatic show at Leaside

High School. The actors, who included Jeanie Hersenhoren, got half the profits and York Chapter the other half.

Recently one of the girls in York Chapter loaned her home for a commercial demonstration of plastic kitchen ware. Ruth, like all the other members, took along to this demonstration several non-IODE friends. Sixty-five women attended and bought two hundred and sixty dollars' worth of kitchenware. York Chapter picked up fifty dollars in commissions.

Ruth Edwards' basement is always stacked with rummage she collects for



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the bi-annual sales. Occasionally she finds a hat or a pair of shoes she likes. So, instead of sending it to the sales, she pays the IODE a quarter, or a dollar, or whatever she thinks it's worth, and keeps it.

When meetings are held at her house Ruth sometimes has to borrow a couple of extra chairs from neighbors. She prepares coffee and sandwiches.

The business meetings always begin with traditional IODE ceremonies. The York standard bearer, Muriel Griffin, a single girl who works in a Toronto office, carries the Union Jack into the living room while Ruth watches anxiously to see that its point doesn't get poked through her ceiling. All standing, the Daughters then chant the IODE prayer which begins:

Almighty God our Heavenly Father,
we praise Thee for the blessings of
our homes; for the fullness of life and
opportunity in this Dominion; and
for the ties which bind us together
in our Empire...

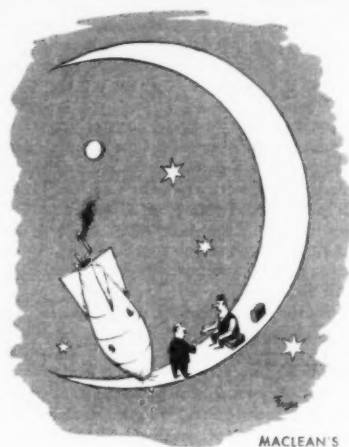
Once, during a York Chapter prayer at another house, Ruth and several other Daughters had difficulty in keeping faces straight because the hostess' dog stood in the middle of the floor grinning and wagging his tail at this strange intonation.

The standard bearer places the flag a little behind and a little to the right of the regent's chair. Regent Vera Yuill strikes the table twice with her gavel and declares the meeting open. Nobody may smoke until the meeting closes. Many chapters close business meetings with God Save the Queen, but York doesn't bother about that.

Ruth Edwards' chapter, like all the others, spends some of its funds itself and some through the municipal, provincial or national executives. At the moment York is paying directly for a young student to take her final year in physiotherapy at the University of Toronto. Every month it sends two food parcels, each worth five dollars, to elderly people in England. Not long ago it heard that a girl who had won a scholarship to the University of Toronto was so poor that she couldn't afford suitable clothes. So York voted her one hundred dollars for skirts, sweaters, shoes and other sensible rig-outs. Last year York sent two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of new and slightly used clothing to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, in London, England, and two hundred dollars to the IODE Preventorium for tubercular children on Sheldrake Boulevard, Toronto.

York sometimes has to refuse a request, but occasionally it will share a financial burden with another chapter. Every year it sends two hundred and twenty-five dollars to the national headquarters for welfare work on a coast-to-coast scale.

Each of the York Daughters has specific duties laid down by the national executive and makes reports from time to time at business meetings. The convener for education, for example, is responsible for keeping a sharp eye on local schools and reporting any phase in the curriculum which appears to be un-Canadian or anti-Empire. It is she who becomes familiar in schools by leading a band of Daughters into classrooms with Union Jacks flying to give children a pep talk about the Empire. She distributes the prizes of patriotic books given by the IODE for essays on Empire subjects and looks out for the children of ex-service personnel, who may one day qualify for a two-thousand-dollar IODE bursary at an English university. One of these is given to every province each year. She also persuades principals to produce on Empire Day patriotic plays, written specially for the IODE.



"Why couldn't we come when
there's a full moon?"

The films convener arranges shows of British, Canadian and other Commonwealth movies for both child and adult audiences. The IODE is still showing The Royal Tour of South Africa and patriotic wartime productions like This Happy Breed and In Which We Serve.

The convener for immigration and Canadianization organizes English lessons for new Canadians, distributes books on Canadian and English history, explains to them the significance of the crown and helps them over early difficulties in Canada. She also makes sure that every new Canadian on becoming naturalized receives the IODE welcome card, an elaborate piece of pasteboard bordered in crimson and gold and inscribed with a definition of the immigrant's new responsibilities, not only as a Canadian citizen but as a British subject.

She distributes a chatty booklet, The House Next Door. Its purpose is to tell children a little about Communism. The story concerns two English-Canadian children, Jerry and Judy, and their friendship for Jarmil and Janis, children of recent foreign immigrants who are their neighbors. The theme is underscored with the advantages of life in a democratic country.

The Canadianization and immigration branch of the IODE backs a news organization, Canadian Scene, which supplies copy in thirteen languages to fifty-two foreign-language newspapers in Canada under the direction of J. B. McGeachy, of Toronto's Globe and Mail.

The newest committee is one directly concerned with anti-Communism. Under the national leadership of Toronto's Mrs. B. B. Osler, the York chapter convener is distributing documents and photographs of Communist tyranny in Eastern Europe. She works with colleagues serving other committees and takes whatever steps seem most expedient to offset Communist tendencies in her area. These might range from a heart-to-heart talk with the wife of a known Communist to the showing of educational movies in a notoriously Communist district.

The postwar service convener sends food and clothing to Europe. Seventy-five percent of the aid is now going to Greece, Western Germany, Italy and France as part of the anti-Communist campaign. But last year IODE food parcels to Britain alone were worth fifty-three thousand dollars.

The national president, Mrs. Chipman, sums up these activities in the phrase: "We are just a bunch of house-

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wives who've suddenly found ourselves in big business."

Mrs. Chipman's husband is president of a substantial printing company and a former CO of the 48th Highlanders. One of her sons is an officer in the Canadian Army in Germany. She has a handsome face, an ample figure, well-groomed white hair, impeccable clothes, a forceful personality, a sense of humor and a love of thrift. Every day she brings her lunch to the office at headquarters in a wax-paper parcel. She raises the Union Jack each morning in the garden of her home on affluent Glenayr Road, Toronto, and lowers it each night.

With Mrs. W. R. (Dorothy) Walton, Mrs. Chipman conceived the idea of the IODE's most widely publicized act in recent years—the purchase of Queen Mary's carpet.

In 1941, at the height of the bombing, Queen Mary reluctantly left London for the west of England and decided to pass the time with needlework. She began a carpet, or tapestry, of twelve panels, each with a colorful background of flowers or birds. In eight years she made more than a million stitches. The finishing of the carpet coincided with the development of Britain's dollar shortage.

Queen Mary wrote to Prime Minister Clement Attlee offering to sell the carpet for dollars and give the proceeds to the treasury. The carpet was sent on a North American tour, which included the 1951 Canadian National Exhibition. The IODE offered to sponsor a fund for its purchase, with a minimum objective of one hundred thousand dollars. This was acceptable to Queen Mary.

The IODE displayed the carpet all over Canada, asking an entrance fee in each town. With it traveled Mrs. L. B. Smart, of the national executive. In many places, for safety, the carpet was locked overnight in the local jail. The tour made one hundred and twenty thousand dollars which were handed over to the British Treasury. The carpet itself was given to the National Gallery in Ottawa.

Shrewdly enough the IODE retained copyright of the carpet's design. When a New York company which publishes embroidery patterns tried to put a pattern of the carpet on the market the IODE prevented it from doing so. The IODE plans to charge a fee for reproduction of the patterns on such things as jigsaw puzzles and embroidery work and go on giving the income from this to the British Treasury until its dollar problem is resolved.

Probably the most famous woman in the IODE is eighty-five-year-old Mrs. George (Martha) Black, of the Yukon. She emigrated from the United States during the gold rush of '98, later saw her American-born husband elected to the Canadian federal parliament and, for a while, when he was ill in the Thirties, occupied his seat herself at Ottawa. The appeal of the IODE is manifest in the fact that Mrs. Black began her adult life as a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, an organization which is based on an altogether hugely different conception of history.

The founder of the IODE was Margaret Polson, who was born in Paisley, near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1844. She married Professor J. Clark Murray, of McGill University, Montreal. Through residence in Canada and contact with scholars from other Dominions she was struck by the lack of knowledge prevailing in each country of the scattered Empire about its sisters.

During the South African War she was touched by the thought of the untended Canadian graves and rallied a number of women to solicit funds for headstones. In 1900 she sent a telegram to mayors of Canadian provincial cap-

itals, asking them to persuade prominent women in their cities to organize as Daughters of the Empire and collect comforts for the troops. Soon afterward she sent out word canceling the idea because no one seemed interested. At once she received a frantic telegram from Fredericton saying she couldn't give up now since a branch had already been formed. The IODE was nationwide within twelve months. A few years later the national headquarters was moved to Toronto.

During the intervening years the IODE has retained a steady faith in its goals and an equally steady refusal to live up to the caricatures of which it and its members are a classic target. This year, when the Toronto New Play Society staged its annual revue, Spring Thaw, the Daughters found the program contained a biting satire on their own appearance and functions. The IODE of fable would have surrounded the theatre with a cordon of bosomy pickets bearing Union Jacks and angry placards in defense of home, motherhood and Empire. The IODE in fact hung big showcards advertising the revue in its national headquarters and its members flocked to every performance to applaud and chuckle joyously. ★

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BOWES "SEAL FAST" COMPANY, LTD.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Buck House

Continued from page 7

sufficient, the palace and palace grounds can be floodlit by a master switch in a matter of seconds. There are trained Labrador dogs to sniff out intruders. Each exit and entrance can be automatically barred; the outer gates have concealed hinges and locks which can be operated not only from inside the palace but also from the Admiralty Arch and the Horse Guards' Parade.

Should anyone manage to get through all this it would still be almost impossible for him to penetrate the royal chambers. When Edward VIII was King he once surprised a workman, who'd climbed in by a window, penning busily on palace note paper, "Dear mother, please note the change of address . . ." However, the man would have been hard put to find another method of exit, for in that room is one of the palace's two secret doors, set into a mirrored panel indistinguishable from others in the room.

There are only two copies of the master key which opens the palace's thousand doors; one for the young Queen, the other for the Master of the Household, Lt.-Col. Sir Piers Legh, in charge of this feudal, private world.

Other avenues of contact with the family at Buckingham Palace, such as telephone and mail, are as strictly controlled, though all you have to do if you want to phone the palace is look up the number in a London directory and put a call through. Lots of people do it too. By far the lion's share of the seven thousand daily calls to the palace during the late King's illness were personal calls to him from perfect strangers. You may also, if you wish, stick a stamp on an envelope and drop it in a mailbox and be sure that if addressed to the palace it will get there. But there's one difference. All truly personal mail to the royal family bears a special secret mark known only to friends, and all personal calls are distinguished by a pre-arranged signal.

Buckingham Palace has its own post office under its own postmaster. He follows the royal family whenever it moves to other palaces (Sandringham, Windsor, Balmoral) and employs postmen, sorters, telephonists, messenger boys and clerks to handle the fifteen hundred letters and dozen-odd presents sent to the royal family every day. Presents are returned immediately if they are sent by strangers not of royal blood. The family's outgoing personal mail goes by registered post and is initialed by the writer. On special occasions such as the Queen's marriage, the late King's illness and at his death, the influx of mail, telegrams and telephone calls rose to thousands each day. Yet, whenever possible, every letter addressed to the palace is answered within twenty-four hours. When the King was sick Queen Mother Elizabeth personally answered the nine thousand telegrams received.

Into this security-shackled palace, where only a few rooms in one wing can become home, the young Queen moved from her own pleasant personally arranged Clarence House. It was as though she had moved from family privacy into the antechamber of her office, for here too are the state apartments where she receives her ministers and guests, here the study where by her signature she transforms scraps of paper into instruments of British government, and here the numerous offices of her big personal staff. Here her comings and goings can never be private. She's imprisoned in the publicity of Buckingham Palace. She's a slim girl walking through four million pounds' worth of art treasures to view

her baby quietly asleep in the pram.

Yet, in spite of the many obstacles there are plenty of comings and goings to be seen by the watchers outside the palace. Those in the know can often tell who's calling by the gate or doorway used. Unless it's a great state occasion when the centre gate is flung open for them the Queen and the members of the royal family will drive up by one or the other of the side gates, circle the forecourt and enter the inside quadrangle through the Sovereigns Entrance, a portico in the middle of the palace. Right opposite that, across the quadrangle, is the Grand Entrance but the Queen will not go in by it—you might if you were invited to a garden party—Elizabeth uses a smaller door to the right, at the centre of the north wing. It's called the King's Door.

As you look at the palace from Queen Victoria's monument on the Mall there are two doors at the right and left-hand ends of the palace. Morning-coated, derby-wearing, umbrella-carrying, tall, thin, languid Englishmen, who entirely ignore the plainclothesmen loitering at the gates, go in by the right-hand door. They may be Lascelles or Colvilles or other private secretaries (often relatives) of the Queen. That's called the Privy Purse Door and it opens on narrow red-carpeted corridors decorated by busts and paintings that can only have been unfortunate wedding presents.

Then there's always a thin trickle of people—a couple on foot who look just like the Bob Shannons, of Grandora, Sask., or the Outerbridges, of St. John's, Nfld.—they go in by the door farthest left. They've come to sign the visitors' book kept on a little table in a high hall. (All they have to say to the guard is "I've come to sign the visitors' book.") It's a time-honored way of saying to the royal family, "How do you do? We are in London now." Or, "Thanks for the garden party."

Winston Churchill, his cabinet ministers, and all ambassadors get a door to themselves. It's a bleak little doorway on the Pimlico side, called the Entrée or Ambassadors' Door. It is considered an elegant entrance and entry here is a privilege many seek in vain. All of this south wing is the household floor. From here is the shortest way to the state apartments in the west wing which fronts the garden.

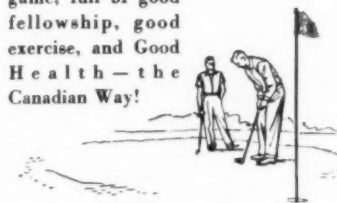
When the royal family wants to use the garden there is still another door for them. It's beyond the offices of the secretaries, in the north wing, a glass-enclosed private garden entrance where again now, as when Prince Charles was an infant and lived in the palace, the prams are parked. The garden itself, a flowering place even in London's drizzly mild winter days, is unexpectedly tranquil in this hub of a metropolitan city. There the Queen once helped her sister rake leaves, and green punts still nose the grass-grown banks of the five-acre S-shaped pond. During the war a stunned undergardener hurried one morning to Mr. Cole, the head gardener, to report that there were *fish* in the pond. There were. It took some research to discover that a night air raid had loosened the grid on the pipe leading from the Hyde Park Serpentine to the royal pond. Roach, perch and chubb had taken advantage of the fact to become royal fish. They're still there, in newer generations.

Fronting these gardens too are, at the end of the north wing, the swimming pool which is in constant use and, at the end of the south wing, the chapel, tidied now but still unusable from wartime bomb damage.

The Queen has not announced where she intends to live permanently—whether in the apartments occupied by

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her father and mother or in her former suite which was her first married home while Clarence House was being prepared for its too brief occupancy. King Edward VIII, during his three hundred and twenty-five days of reign, didn't take over his father's study, off the private apartments, but settled down to business in a modest room on the ground floor in the north wing, close to the King's Door and facing the dark quadrangle. This little office surrounded by the private secretariat and opening on the busy Privy Purse corridor was so unprivate and ordinary that everybody kept forgetting the King now occupied it. Often phone calls to the household would be put on the King's line. "Who's that speaking?" the caller would demand briskly, not hearing the voice he'd expected. "The King," Edward would say. "Can I help you?" For his private apartment Edward VIII also refused to follow tradition. He selected the Belgian suit, so named because King Albert of the Belgians had been a frequent visitor there, in the garden end of the north wing.

It takes about two hundred servants to keep Buck House tidy. This army operates under the Master of the Household, under whom, in turn, is a superintendent in charge of domestic administration who gives directives to a steward and a housekeeper, the major-domos of the manservants and maids. Each year three complete house-cleanings take place when the royal family is away at Windsor, Balmoral or Sandringham.

Servant problems apply here, as they do on Blythwood Crescent in Toronto. The Commonwealth newspapers had a heyday when the Buckingham Palace servants demanded a union which they now have. The Sunday Pictorial wrote: "Not only the soup is simmering in the gloomy old-fashioned kitchens of Buckingham Palace. Some of the staff are simmering too."

The culmination of some years of grumbling came with the added strict security measures about the time of the lost dispatch case and the hiding burglar. Servants declared they'd rather work for ordinary private housewives who paid them better wages and gave them more free time. Maids under twenty-one objected to having only afternoons off; their boy friends weren't free until evening. Now maids under

twenty-one must get in by ten p.m.; above twenty-one by eleven p.m. The traditional custom of choosing servants on a hereditary basis came a cropper because sons and daughters didn't want to follow in their parents' footsteps. Young men and women no longer saw sense in having to drop their work and vanish whenever a member of the royal family appeared in a room, corridor or in the garden. Another rule they didn't like was that all cleaning is supposed to be done at night while royalty sleeps.

As for living conditions, they were not for modern-day domestics. Until 1950 many of the servants' rooms were dark. Vast stretches of the palace were without electricity. It's only in the last couple of years that an oil-heating system has been put into what visiting royalty used to call "the coldest house in Europe." (Total cost: two hundred thousand pounds.) Some of the servants live in the Windsor Castle Mews and come up to London to work but others have small old-fashioned rooms without proper window space, approached by steep stairs and without bathroom. The main service artery is a stone-flagged tunnel, ten feet below ground, illuminated by bare bulbs and ventilated by grating-covered outlets. Servants must pass through this many times a day. When there are state dinners trusted and experienced servants are needed to get the food warm to the table from the kitchens a quarter of a mile away. Now there are electric trolleys to convey the royal family's meals to their private dining room, the Chinese Room, from the basement kitchens which are in the corner of the palace diagonally opposite. Electric hot-plates help keep these long-distance dispatches hot.

Chef Ronald Aubrey, forty-year-old, two-hundred-and-fifteen-pound Londoner, who's worked in the palace kitchens for fourteen years, is in charge of the staff of five chefs, three porters, two pastry maids and two women in the scullery. For state occasions he can hire as much extra help as he wants. For an ordinary dinner party of ten, six waiters are used. The royal family dining alone quite often asks for things to be left on the sideboard and serve themselves. At Clarence House there was just one butler and a footman.

Some of the chef's problems are unique to Buckingham Palace. For a recent dinner for Queen Juliana of the

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The picture postcard's nice and cheap,
Convenient and good-looking,
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You posted on what's cooking.

The Depot (closed in '23,
And now a supermarket).
Main Street (complete with Model T,
And ample space to park it).

The Band Stand in the park out where
The horsecar branch line ended.
The Town Hall Square (no longer there —
The highway's been extended).

A view of Bubbling Sulphur Springs
(Ran dry in 1908).
Oh, postcards are the darnedest things
To keep you up to date.

—P. J. Blackwell



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summer long—**SIMONIZ** your car today!



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of real wax—the rest is just liquid.
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That's why it lasts so long—pro-
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Netherlands he had a time finding extra
footmen six feet tall who would fit the
scarlet-and-blue state liveries and be
willing to have their hair dressed and
powdered for a fee of three pounds, a
meal, and a choice of a bottle of beer or
a double whisky.

The problems of running the palace
are so complex that many of the staff
are specialists. While Sir Piers Legh is
responsible for its interior economy, one
of his paramount duties is recommend-
ing to the Queen the granting of the
Royal Warrant. About a thousand
firms now describe themselves as
holders of the Royal Warrant of Ap-
pointment. This means that they've
served the palace satisfactorily for three
years or more. The warrant is actually
not given the firm, but to its head, and
when the holder dies the warrant is
automatically withdrawn. The war-
rant is granted for quality, not quanti-
ty—one firm for years boasted the
By Appointment sign on the strength
of a once-a-year laundering of George V's
bedspread.

Sir Piers' right-hand man is dark
astute Stanley Williams who, as Palace
Superintendent, must see that the
furniture is in repair, order the en-
graved note paper and keep an eye on
the many valuable movable objects in
the palace. Then there are table
deckers whose sole job is to lay tables
and arrange flowers. There's a man in
charge of the three hundred palace
clocks, many of them antique com-
plexities which tell not only the time
and the day and the month, but also
the phases of the moon and record
times of tides in principal British and
neighboring ports. There's the Keeper
of the Privy Purse to deal with finances,
and the Comptroller of Supply who
buys the provisions for the hundreds of
meals served in the palace dining rooms
daily.

All these people will have had a
hand in the preparations should you
one day get an invitation to a state
dinner at Buckingham Palace.

In such event your car would pass by
one of the side gates, cross the fore-
court, and through the Sovereigns
Entrance into the lighted quadrangle
which, for that night, turns into a car
park. The tall footman at the Grand
Entrance takes your coat and shows you
down a parquet floor to the white-and-
gold grand hall. Seventeen horses were
needed to tote the seventeen tons of
Italian Carrara marble from the docks
when the hall was being built.

When you and all the other guests
have arrived the royal family leaves the
royal closet, smallest of the state
rooms, by the second secret door in the
palace which opens into the northwest
corner of the white drawing room. A
story is told of an eastern potentate
who, unimpressed by all the rest of
Buckingham Palace, recovered from
utter boredom by the sight of this
secret-spring-manipulated private en-
trance.

Now in the glittering crystal-lit hall
the royal procession forms, with the
great officers of the household and
ladies-in-waiting making an impressive
background for the Queen and the
members of her family. You pass
through sumptuous rooms—the music
room with deep blue columns set about
the walls, the ceiling richly gilded; the
blue drawing room with crimson-and-
gold carpets, ormolu-mounted twelve-
foot-high doorways, and so into the
state ballroom.

This is always used for evening courts
and state banquets and now again, as
in Queen Victoria's time, only one
throne dominates the one-hundred-and-
twenty-foot length of it.

Against the forty-five-foot-high walls
paneled in crimson silk the tall, liveried,
powdered footmen pass silently serving



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and later years. Fall term opens
Sept. 9, 1952.

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MACLEAN'S

"Hate to see you go, Gilbert. I don't mind admitting you're the best milker we ever had."

you on gold plate which is actually silver gilt. Only three pieces are true gold—a salver, a tray and a cup dating from George IV. The King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard, in their gold-and-red Beefeater uniforms, stand motionless about the room. In the little west gallery the orchestra plays. The menu is in French but you can consult only your next-door neighbors about it because the table is eight feet wide. Six great rose crystal chandeliers and hundreds of candles in silver-gilt candelabra blaze light.

The whole thing started in a swamp.

Well into the sixteenth century the palace site was a fly-ridden marshy part of the Manor of Eia, considered only good enough for a leper hospital. Henry VIII bought it and built a small palace he called St. James's after the old leper foundation of St. James the Less. He drained the land, laid down a pleasure garden and called it St. James's Park. James I in 1609 tried to turn it into a silk farm and hopefully named the place Mulberry Garden. Pepys strolled down Mulberry Walk not much impressed by the whole thing. He said it was a silly place with "the wilderness somewhat pretty."

In time the property passed to the Earl of Arlington's daughter, Isabella, who married the Duke of Grafton, natural son of Charles II. Another quasi-royal connection came about when the Duke of Buckingham and Normanby (Lord Mulgrave) bought the property and married Catherine Darnley, illegitimate daughter of James II. She kept as fine a court there as her half sister Queen Anne. When Catherine died her husband's illegitimate son inherited the property for a while. Then Buckingham House and grounds reverted to the crown.

George III, when a young king, went down to have a look at the place. It was 1761, he was twenty-four, his Queen was seventeen, and they said seriously to one another they'd like a "nice plain home" in which to raise a family. So they moved out of St. James's Palace to Buckingham House and had fourteen children. There George IV was born and later, remembering a happy childhood, he decided to build on that very spot a palace fit for a king.

John Nash had already designed Regent Street and Regent's Park as well as the King's "cottage" at Windsor (now the Royal Lodge). He sat down to draw plans for a palace. With some modifications Buckingham Palace stands as he drew it then.

Into her Uncle George's dream palace the girl Queen Victoria moved promptly, on her Uncle William IV's death, to get out from under her mother's domination. She landed in a domestic chaos which only her consort, practical Albert, was able to straighten out in the course of years. She left in the palace Victorian horrors of style which Queen Mary in her time, in turn, was only able to straighten out with work, patience, and an equal number of years.

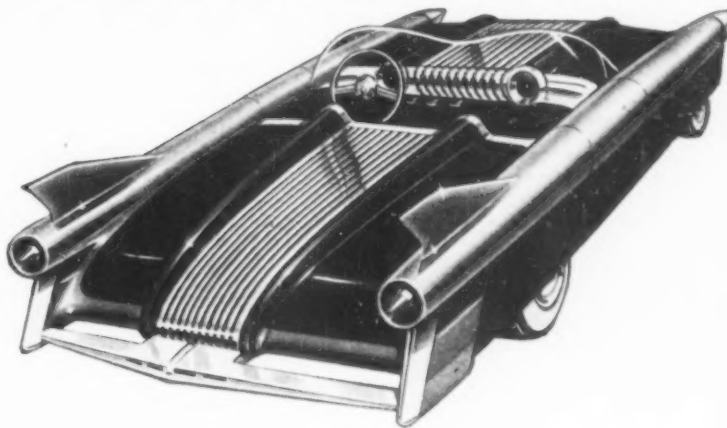
Actually, today, Buckingham Palace is a monument to King George IV's desire for a grand palace and to Dowager Queen Mary's indefatigable labor and good taste.

George V used to say often that he'd like to pull down the palace, sell the site (then valued at three million pounds) and make Kensington Palace into a royal residence. Queen Mary first of all worked hard to make the second-floor royal apartments homelike. Then she threw out most of the Victorian monstrosities, stripped rooms and halls, and searched through all the other royal mansions, their garrets and their cellars, for treasures of furniture. She pieced together again periods and styles, refurbished and remodeled, brought Regency material from forgotten corners of Windsor Castle, tore away the striped wallpaper of the state apartments and replaced it with plain off-white paint better suited to the ornate moldings. She rechristened the Balcony Room the Chinese Room, added six antique yellow silk panels moldering away in a forgotten storeroom, and blended these with arrangements of gilt and apple-green Sevres porcelain. And into her family's private rooms, as a restful contrast to the gold and crimson of the state rooms, she introduced soft pastels, duck-egg blue, and cream walls. So Buckingham Palace finally evolved into the handsome background it is today for the royal family, worthy of the symbolic crown.

A young determined Queen has moved in. Her energetic husband is unlikely to take on the household chores as Victoria's consort did. What changes there will be will be the Queen's own changes in the Queen's own house but there is no doubt that the ruling motif will continue to be love—love of family, love of privacy, love of duty.

It's not unlikely that in the new long reign now beginning the stately chambers, the long high halls, the six hundred or seven hundred rooms of Buckingham Palace—whatever the final count may be—will get a new warm patina. ★

Two Place Astra-Coupe designed by Richard Arbib for the VEEDOL "Dream Car" Salon.



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TORONTO

MONTREAL

Show Girl

Continued from page 13

afterward, through the crowds streaming for the subways to take them home to dinner, Lynne reflects that she hasn't had her breakfast yet. She stops in the Blue Room, a murky shabby bar around the corner from the Copa, and orders a gin and tonic and the roast beef special at two dollars and fifty cents. The Blue Room has a scattering of Copa employees, all watching the clock as they bolt down their breakfasts. At seven-thirty Lynne gives a yelp and hurries out of her booth, leaving the waiter standing helplessly with her dessert. "It is always this way," he comments sadly, "she never allows enough time for her coffee."

Around the corner is the Copacabana, a twelve-year-old night club devoted to the care and cultivation of tourists. According to a sign near the entrance Billy Eckstine is the new star of the floor show, assisted by two feature acts and the Copa Girls, "The Most Beautiful Girls in the World." Supper patrons are entering under a striped marquee, guided by an elegant doorman, but Lynne doesn't give them a glance as she scurries down the ad-

joining cellar stairs, past barrels of garbage and along a hall next to the kitchen, emerging into the club itself for an instant before ducking into a door marked Private.

The room she enters is lined along one wall and part of another with dressing tables, each separated from its neighbor by a glaring naked electric-light bulb. At the back of the room is a curtained partition concealing the racks of costumes and near the door is the costume supervisor's sewing bench. Mirium Alexander, a former dancer now in her sixties and a feared scold if a costume is torn or not returned to its proper hanger, is watching the television screen that cackles on a shelf over her head as Lynne arrives and strips off her clothes.

The dressing room is a babble of excited sopranos as the girls, sitting before their mirrors in stockings and almost nonexistent G-pants, greet Lynne, borrow cosmetics and shrilly report on the day's adventure.

"Next time I'm gonna pick a guy whose gonna stick around for a while," a black-haired beauty mourns as Lynne pulls her stockings out of the shoe box under her dressing table.

"Another tragedy?" asks Lynne, drawing on the coarse mesh hose and fastening them high on her hips with

durable elastic and several safety pins.

The brunette nods. "I should want to kill myself tonight," she sighs, "but instead I'll be broken-hearted. Besides, I've got a date."

Lynne pins her shoulder-length hair into a small knob high on the back of her head and fastens over it the pin-cushion of false hair that is the trademark of a Copa girl. "We're supposed to look sweet and old-fashioned, I suppose," muses the girl on the other side of Lynne. The brunette protests hotly: "We're supposed to look sophisticated! What's the matter with you!"

Next Lynne rubs pancake make-up into her face and neck, puts blue eye-shadow on her upper lids and pencils a black line darting upward from the corner of her eyes. She rubs in rouge, paints a mouth slightly larger than her own and adds lip gloss, which makes her mouth shine as if she had just wet her lips. Over the black mascara on her eyelashes she applies melted black wax, called beading, which causes her eyelashes to mat in sooty spikes.

As the girls study their faces and mutually confess that they will never be ready in time, Doug Cowdy strolls in, leans against one of the dressing tables and comments on the sunburn of a sleepy-eyed blonde. When he

goes out a moment later Lynne confides to her neighbor what a shock it gave her when Doug did that the first night she was a Copa girl. "Not a girl in the room had anything on but pants," she recalls, "and the new girls all grabbed for something to put in front of them. I noticed that the girls who had been with the previous show kept right on powdering their faces so I carried on too. Now I never think of it."

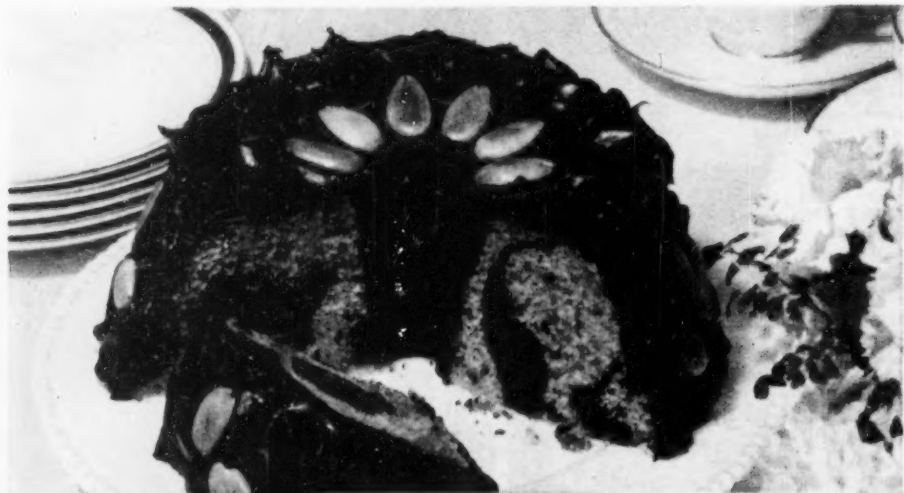
"Some places you work guys walk in and out all the time," said a girl in the corner. "At the Copa they really protect the girls—no one is allowed in but Doug."

Just then someone called "Cover up, girls! Here I come!" and Johnnie Ray, the crying crooner, bounded into the room. He had been the star vocalist some weeks previously and came into the dressing room to say hello to the girls. They greeted him gaily, hugging their dressing gowns around their shoulders, and a few minutes later he left.

"Well, practically no one but Doug," said the same girl, sitting down again.

Xavier Cugat's new wife, wearing her hair combed to one side of her head, came in next, advised the girls where she and her husband were sitting and exchanged gossip. When she went out one girl moaned, "What a lucky doll! When

Your Baking Talent in TECHNICOLOR!



MAGIC NEAPOLITAN CAKE

2 cups once-sifted pastry flour or 1 1/4 cups once-sifted all-purpose flour	1 tsp. milk
3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder	1 oz. unsweetened chocolate, melted
1/2 tsp. salt	1/2 tsp. almond extract
8 tsps. butter or margarine	Few drops green food coloring (or pink, if preferred)
1 cup fine granulated sugar	2 tsps. toasted finely-chopped almonds
2 eggs	1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
3/4 cup milk	1/4 tsp. ground ginger
1/2 tsp. vanilla	Few grains ground cloves

Grease an 8-inch angel cake pan and line bottom with greased paper. Preheat oven to 325° (rather slow). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure the 3/4 cup milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and vanilla and combining lightly after each addition. Divide batter into three parts. Stir the 1 tsp. milk and melted chocolate into one part; stir almond extract, green food coloring and almonds into second part; sprinkle cinnamon, ginger and cloves over third part and stir to combine. Spoon batters alternately into prepared pan. Bake in preheated oven 50 to 55 minutes. Cover cold cake with the following Chocolate Butter Icing; decorate with toasted whole blanched almonds.

CHOCOLATE BUTTER ICING: Cream 4 tsps. butter or margarine; work in 2 cups sifted sugar alternately with 3 tsps. scalded cream, stirring in 3 ounces melted unsweetened chocolate after part of the cream has been added. Add 1 unbeaten egg and 1/4 tsp. vanilla and beat until icing begins to thicken; beat in a little more cream, if needed, to make an icing of smooth spreading consistency. Spread immediately on cold cake.

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The sauce that gives "the chef's touch" to everyday cooking. Keep a bottle handy for such recipes as:

FRIED MEAT SANDWICHES

Butter bread slices and spread with minced cooked ham, tongue or corned beef seasoned with Lea & Perrins Sauce. Beat 1 egg in 1/2 cup milk dipping sandwiches in mixture. Fry in butter to golden brown. Top with pickles.



FAMOUS FOR OVER 100 YEARS



they were here she got a diamond clip after the first show, a diamond bracelet after the second show and a mink coat after the last show. He's crazy about her."

Just then the warning buzzer sounded and the girls stood up to get their costumes, peach satin knee-length Gay Nineties affairs with the plunging neckline gone mad. Each costume has built-in foam rubber pads; although the girls are of normal proportions the night-club public desires even more than nature can provide and for some years now all costumes have been bountifully padded.

The eight girls line up just outside the swinging doors of the kitchen to wait for their cue. With indignant pardons the waiters weave through bearing shrimp cocktails on crushed ice and steaks doused with mushrooms. Lynne keeps an eye on the announcer, suddenly starts off to lead the line down the steps to the Copacabana's sunken dance floor between white-covered tables that look blue in the darkness. She marches across the floor in the bright bath of the spotlights with a gay smile—all the girls, even the sleepy-eyed blonde, are smiling as though they were being presented to Darryl Zanuck—and the orchestra swings into Please Mr. President Don't Put a Tax on Love, one of the three songs especially written for the Copacabana's floor show.

Doug Cowdy, working the panel of switches that control the spotlights, explains to a visitor that the Copa's floor show contains three production numbers, in which the girls take part, and that the shows are repeated three times a night and seven days a week for three months. Then they are junked for an entirely new show and most of the girls are fired at the same time, with maybe two or three hold-overs.

"We put an ad in the paper," continues Doug, frowning at one of the girls who unaccountably has stopped smiling. "It says 'One Hundred Dollars a Week—No Experience Necessary.' Next day five hundred girls turn up and we hire two."

The girls are screened for youth, an interesting face, high cheekbones and a turned-up nose, and good legs. Doug can tell by watching them walk whether they'll be able to learn his simple dance steps or not.

"If their steps match, regardless of the tempo, then they have a sense of rhythm," he says, beaming at the girls

as they hurry past him into the dressing room. "You'd be surprised how many people walk off beat."

In the dressing room the girls are pulling off their costumes and putting them away while Mirium nags bitterly about a broken zipper. "You've got more weight around your middle than any other damned girl in this room!" she squeals at a red-faced chorine. The other girls are too occupied to notice.

"Did you see Frank Sinatra?" one girl asks Lynne. "He's in my corner at the table by the post."

"Migawd," moans another, "my falsies nearly fell out. Who's been ripping them out of this costume?"

"I did," says the sleepy-eyed blonde. "I'm a 34 B and I don't need falsies."

Silence. Another blonde picks up a bottle of cologne and idly sprays herself. "I guess there are Bs and Bs," she comments and everyone laughs.

Lynne's next costume is her favorite, a long white sheer with red eyelet embroidery. In a minute the buzzer sounds again and the girls hurry out with Lynne trailing behind fussing with an earring. The dressing room is quiet except for the agonized voices from the television set.

In the darkened night club Doug Cowdy watches his charges and groans. "One way you can tell a Copa dancer from any other dancer — she can't dance."

Al Freeman, the Copa's publicity man, hastily interrupts. "We're interested in starting girls up the ladder of success," he remarks. "June Allyson was a Copa girl and so was Olga San Juan. We've got lots of girls in Hollywood, lots on Broadway, plenty in television. This is where they get their first break."

After the next number the girls have fifteen minutes to change to their bathing-suit costumes for the final number of the show. "I says to this guy, 'Thanks for the bag,' and he says 'I'm sorry about this and that' and I just accidentally kicked him," a dimpled brunette reports.

Lynne grins, though when she is dancing she rarely talks to the people near her and doesn't approve of it. The girls talk through their teeth to the customers without changing expression or looking directly at the table they're addressing. Lynne occasionally tells off the odd bouncer who leans over his drink at her and offers her a selection of obscene proposals.

After the third number, about nine



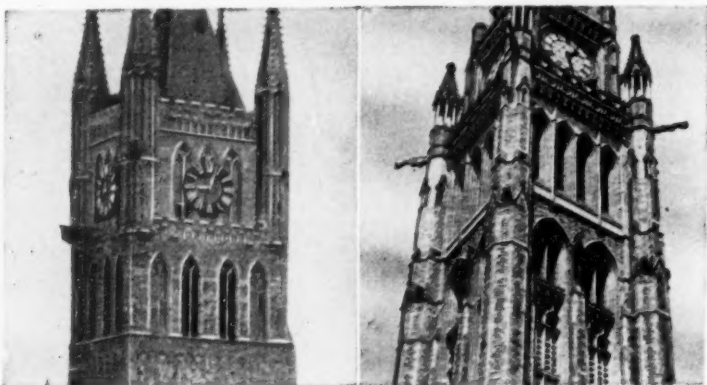
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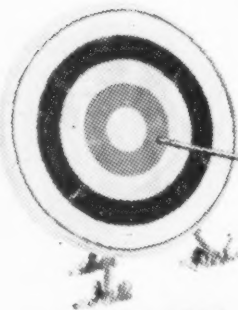


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Corby's

o'clock, the girls are through until midnight. This is when they meet dates who will have to get up early the next morning; their later dates are almost invariably with musicians or other dancers who can also sleep until noon. Lynne almost never has a date.

She hurries up the stairs and strides along Sixtieth Street, ignoring the whistles that greet her bright blond hair and stage make-up. She heads for a practice room she rents over a pawnshop six blocks away, a brief case of music under her arm. The hall outside the room she uses is busy with women fencers but Lynne shoulders through and closes the door behind her. Inside are some stage props, a few battered tables and chairs and an open grand piano. She sets her music on the rack of the piano, sets an ash tray on the end of the keyboard and practices singing for the next two hours. She warms up with scales and Broadway tunes, climaxes with coloratura arias from the operas.

Walking back to the Copa around midnight, Lynne considers the spell that holds her in New York, scrambling for a break in the most competitive, heartless business she has ever known. Nothing in her childhood in North Vancouver, where she was a tomboy and a track-and-field champion, indicated such a future. Her father, William Campbell Munn, was a steamfitter and her mother a gifted manager of the family's sometimes slim finances. Lynne recalls that one year during the depression her mother stretched six hundred dollars to feed, clothe and house the family of four and give Lynne piano lessons besides. Her younger brother Gordon is now an insurance adjuster in Vancouver. She herself was a good stenographer—how did she get switched to show business? What had happened to her?

Part of it happened when she found she wanted to sing. She lost interest in her piano lessons and sunk herself in the lead roles in the commercial high school's operettas. When she was sixteen she was touring with a troop show that left Vancouver two or three nights a week. In the summers she was in the chorus of Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars.

Then her dentist introduced her to Lester Cole, of a singing group called Lester Cole and the Debutantes. A few months later when Mrs. Cole (one of the Debutantes) got pneumonia Cole called on Lynne to help him fill a

GREASE JOB

Each time my squeaky car returns
From being lubricated
Each squeak brings back a little friend;
Each rattle has been mated.

—Tom Talman

Vancouver supper-club date. She sang with the group for three weeks and after that her stenographer's job in an anchor-chain manufacturing plant had little appeal.

Months later when Cole wired her from San Francisco she threw up her job at once. He had arranged for her to be lead soprano with a quintet in the Ice Capades. The singers stood on the platform with the orchestra and accompanied some of the production numbers. Lynne noticed she was putting on weight, so she worked out with the skaters in the afternoons when there wasn't a matinee.

She had other troubles as well. A Hawaiian named Eddie was also a soprano and sang in the same key as Lynne did. In Pittsburgh the Ice Capades fired all the singers but Eddie. "He could also play the steel guitar," she recalls. She was then eighteen and she hated to go home. She dallied on the way in Seattle, working in a shipyard and spending most of her working day singing at shipyard bond rallies. She finally went home, became engaged and broke it, tried three different jobs, ultimately won a Vancouver talent contest with a broken foot in a cast.

"That's where I learned about contests," she says. "The prize was a trip to Hollywood, a screen test and some bookings in California night clubs. When I won, the promoters explained the contest had fallen through and had me sign something that made it all right for them to give me two hundred and fifty dollars instead. I signed. I was stupid."

After this Lynne remembers leaving for Toronto in 1947 to make good, and coming close to starving. She had a few bookings, starting with the King Edward Hotel and getting steadily worse, and she was obliged to get a job as a stenographer to pay for her singing lessons at the Royal Conservatory of Music. After two years someone suggested she



enter the Miss Canada contest and try to win a scholarship to help her with the expense of her lessons.

Crossing the Avenue of the Americas, Lynne stares through a young man in a Cadillac who hollered "Oh honey doll!" at her and reflects that she has never considered herself a beauty. The night she stood on the platform in Maple Leaf Gardens with five other finalists and heard their names called was the biggest thrill of her life.

"They start with the girl who's sixth, and then they call out the girl who's fifth and so on. When there were just two of us left and the other girl's name was called for second place I just stood there in a blank before I realized that I was Miss Canada."

Her mother couldn't get through the reporters and photographers around her. She was given a thousand-dollar diamond ring, hosiery and lingerie to last for years, a complete summer wardrobe, some bathing suits, the use of a private plane and three thousand dollars in scholarships. She was in demand to sing at conventions and supper clubs, at about twenty-five dollars an appearance, and once got four hundred and fifty dollars for being the guest of honor at a banquet in North Sydney, N.S. She presided at a field day at the RCAF station at Trenton, Ont., was received on the steps of the City Hall in New York City, opened a radio station in Oshawa, and took part in a Red Feather campaign and the opening ceremonies of the International Trade Fair in Toronto.

Hurrying down the street to the Copa she decides the best by-product of being Miss Canada was entering the Miss America contest at Atlantic City. That had been a really strictly run contest: Every girl had to tell reporters she didn't smoke or drink and at breakfast they all pretended to prefer milk to coffee; no conversations with men were permitted, even on the telephone, and a chaperone was with every girl constantly; no falsies were allowed either and a woman had been hired to peek to make sure.

Lynne was an early favorite to win the contest but even when the photographers took her to the beach to take special pictures that could be used after she won, and even after the Philadelphia Inquirer, with a record for infallibility in such matters, selected her to win and put her picture on the front page, she was not greatly encouraged. She was twenty-four and had been disappointed often enough to hedge her hopes cautiously.

She didn't win the contest but she won a talent award, narrowly edging out Miss Montana who exhibited a horse on-stage. Lynne sang an aria from La Traviata before thirty-five thousand people and was so frightened she couldn't remember singing it at all. She had also planned to play Chopin's Minute Waltz but she dropped it at the last moment and was almost hysterically glad she did. While the judges were making their decision a five-year-old toddled to the concert grand and played Chopin's Minute Waltz.

Lynne was close to being a nervous wreck by the time the contest ended. She had gone down from the one hundred and twenty-four pounds she weighed as Miss Canada to one hundred and nine pounds and she was so thin she was astounded to be among the fifteen semifinalists in the Miss America and not at all surprised to be absent from the five finalists.

Going down the steps into the Copacabana again Lynne observes several cabs of girls in pastel gossamer and youths with shining faces have drawn up beside the marquee and as she enters the dressing room she announces to the girls, "The prom crowd has

just arrived." The girls all groan.

Lynne undresses again, freshens her make-up and waits for the warning buzzer. The girls aren't allowed to sit down in their costumes for fear of wrinkling them, so they don't dress until the last moment. Five minutes later the dressing room is empty again except for Mirium and the barn dance on the television set. When the girls pour in again they are shrilly excited.

"What dolls! They're really living tonight, watching big bad chorus girls."

"If my mother saw the way they're looking at me she'd slap their faces!"

"I'm giving one of them a thrill he'll never forget. Didja see me wink?"

"Bunch of tourists!"

"I've got news. I'm not gonna even smile at them. Just trash. They never look at our feet at all."

"Do you know there isn't one of those little innocents out there who



MACLEAN'S

"Bridget. Do you now, or have you ever, belonged to the Communist Party?"

isn't older than we are?"

Lynne winces at that. A few Copa girls, like herself, are older and absent-minded about their age but the majority are only eighteen and nineteen.

After the second show, around one in the morning, Lynne has her second meal of the day—a sandwich at the bar of the Blue Room. Tonight she runs into the deskman of the Fourteen Hotel which adjoins the Copa and is used by the headliners as a dressing room. She gets talking to him about her trip to Peru.

"I got invited to come down for a month, all expenses paid, right after I was Miss Canada," she begins, "and that included a chaperone. The plane fare alone was fifteen hundred dollars. All the way down the pilots would let me come up front and watch them fly. The Peruvian Embassy in Ottawa gave a reception for me and so did the consul-general in New York. I got so I could stand in a receiving line like I was a grand duchess."

"Lima was having an October Fair, something like our Canadian National Exhibition, and they decided a beauty contest would pep it up. Only two other girls went from North America, Miss Washington and Miss Miami. We all stayed in a gorgeous apartment in a private home, with servants to wait on us hand and foot. We had marvelous escorts provided; mine was a part-time bullfighter. We discovered right away that the South American girls entered were all daughters of multimillionaires and that our hosts supposed that we were too. We never let on we worked for a living. The beauty queen of Peru was worth fourteen million and hadn't yet received her full inheritance. She once gave a

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party at her castle for seven hundred guests.

"The beauty contest was over in fifteen minutes. It was held in private and the judges were all diplomats. I figured that since they weren't professionals the sweet, demure, ladylike approach would go over better than Lana Turner. The two other American girls modeled for them, forward and backward and turn, with stony faces. I just stood there, smiling shyly. They crowned me La Reina de Belleza de Norte América. The two Americans

never spoke to me again." The room clerk laughs.

Around two in the morning Lynne bolts down the last of her sandwich, avoiding the crusts and flings a "See you later" at the bartender. The girls in the dressing room are tired from the heat. One girl is trying to coax another to go to the beach with her after the last show. They'll get there around dawn and sleep on their towels all morning. "I can't," the other girl pouts. "My mother is here tonight and she'll want me to go home to sleep."

The last show is over about three-thirty and the girls perk up again, wipe off their make-up with grease paint and replace it with lipstick on their suddenly pale faces. Lynne goes back to the Blue Room again.

A minute later Doug Cowdy settles beside her and they sip their drinks in companionable silence. It is almost four and the street outside the bar is still as busy as some Canadian cities at noon. Taxi drivers are leaning on their horns, some people pause in the doorway laughing voluptuously and

two sailors stroll past talking seriously. Lynne watches and wonders at the magic of New York that can produce so much bustle in the hour before dawn.

She left Toronto because she was twenty-seven and her opportunities were slipping by. The modeling jobs she found didn't compensate for the dwindling singing dates; she realized one morning that it was too late for her ever to train her voice for the Metropolitan Opera, her lifetime ambition. She had come to New York to try and make a success while she could.

First she had her hair dyed a bright yellow, which her friends agreed improved her appearance, and she has never stopped worrying what people in Toronto would think of it. She went to Powers and started doing some modeling, turned up at a Sportsmen's Show held in the New Yorker Hotel to help Mike Turnesa demonstrate golf clubs. Bradshaw Crandall used her in the composite pictures he drew for Coca-Cola and Gillette. He liked her eyes, her coloring, her hair and her arms. Then, just as she was ready to start auditioning for a singing role, she came down with a cold that dragged on for two months. In despair she took a job as cigarette girl in the Copacabana.

There she received only thirty dollars a week and was advised to turn in all her tips. "They expected us to clip a certain percentage, however," she once assured a horrified friend. "Some nights when the tips weren't so good I'd only take two or three dollars and other nights I could clip maybe five or six."

Then she got a break. Jimmy Durante came to the Copa as the headliner and included her in his act. "Hey! There's Lynne, the cigarette girl!" he would rasp. "Come here honey... aw, come on. This may be your big chance." Lynne would approach gingerly and Durante would cover her with kisses, muttering aside to the audience, "Durante the woodpecker."

When Durante left he gave Lynne a cheque for one hundred dollars and shortly afterward she was offered a chance to be a Copa girl. After three weeks of rehearsing she was ready to lead the line.

Sitting at the bar she and Doug begin to talk in low voices about the television show. Twice last week the deal had been off and both had covered their disappointment gallantly, but now that rehearsals have started it is safe. Possibly it will lead to big choreography jobs for him, maybe some producer will wonder about the tall blonde in the back row—you never know who may be watching. Outside, the street is quietly turning grey with the dawn; the bar has locked its door and a Filipino is swabbing the floor around the bar stools with a rag mop. Reluctantly the Copa gang slips away as the street-washing trucks lumber past leaving empty cigarette packages awash in the gutters.

Lynne walks a block to Fifth Avenue where she has a better chance of catching a cab. Riding through Central Park a few minutes later with the sunrise a yellow haze in the trees, she reviews what Doug has said about her chances in television. Next month she can make the rounds of the Broadway producers; maybe there would be a part for her, possibly she could understudy the lead and then there was always the chance that the lead would develop laryngitis...

Maybe she should spend more time figure skating. There are plenty of people who do tricks on ice, but there hasn't yet been a singer on skates. Television would be the right medium for an act like that. You never know, you just never know... ★



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The Salty Spell of St. Andrews

Continued from page 17

no complaints. St. Andrews' second hotel, the Commodore, decided that if the Algonquin could operate a bar the Commodore should be able to do the same thing. This worked for a while but, last year, the Commodore's proprietor was arrested and fined five hundred dollars for being responsible for the illegal sale of liquor on his premises. Residents of St. Andrews have an idea that the Commodore's bar would have fared better had it been operated on the same lines as the Algonquin's bar, which is so inconspicuous and quiet that you could hang around the hotel for a week without knowing it was there. (Open to guests only, the bar is located below the lobby and reached by a stairway on the left-hand side of the lobby. Both the stairway and an outside entrance to the bar have no signs indicating where they lead.)

St. Andrews, with its tide flats, wooden jetties, sardine boats, lobster traps, golden sand, red cliffs and green slopes, casts a spell over many people. Field Marshal Lord Alexander, when he was governor-general, liked it so much that he stretched a scheduled stay of a fortnight into a month. David Walker, Scottish soldier and author, had a holiday at St. Andrews when he was in Canada before World War II as an aide to Governor-General Lord Tweedsmuir. Captured at Dunkirk, he dreamed of St. Andrews when he was in a German prison camp and bought a house there when he was freed. His last two novels, *Geordie*, and *The Pillar*, were written at St. Andrews.

The Rev. Henry Phipps Ross, a United States clergyman with inherited wealth, and Mrs. Ross, were so in love with St. Andrews that they insisted on being buried there. They left three hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a library and museum at St. Andrews and a like amount for the district hospital.

The Waycott trust, which maintains a public-health nurse, and the Harrington trust, which pays for Christmas parcels for the poor, were also set up by bequests from summer folks.

Even crusty tycoons regard the town with misty-eyed sentiment. Men like Sir James Dunn provided the funds with which the Old Timers' Club was built at the head of the public wharf. They wanted aged natives to have a cozy spot to meet and talk and play cards. Now they've formed a habit of dropping in themselves to enjoy the companionship of retired mariners and fishermen, with whom they are on first-name terms.

The summer folks have a genuine affection for the natives and often show it with surprising gestures. When John Cadman Norris, St. Andrews' only Negro, was old and infirm an anonymous Montreal industrialist worried about the fact that "Cady's" home lacked indoor plumbing. He hired a contractor to add an up-to-date bathroom to the bungalow.

Cady drove a team of truck horses on weekdays and pumped the organ in the Anglican church on Sundays. When he died in August 1948 the flags on the Algonquin and on the fancy estates were flown at half mast and the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy wrote a touching tribute which was published in the St. Croix Courier, the district weekly newspaper. A dozen millionaires were among those at the funeral.

So strong is the charm of St. Andrews that a lot of summer folks put roots down there and think of it as their

adopted home town rather than as a resort. Some of them, like Mrs. Redmond, Miss Shaughnessy, Sir James and Lady Dunn, and David Walker now remain there all year. They take as much delight as the natives in the local legends and in the colorful characters of the past—characters like Dr. John Calef, Robert Pagan, La Coote, the Rev. Samuel Andrews and Christopher Scott.

Calef and Pagan, like the other founders of St. Andrews, were United Empire Loyalists. Exiled from the U. S. after the American Revolution they

settled at Penobscot, expecting that Penobscot would remain under the British flag. When Penobscot turned out to be Maine they sawed their houses into sections, moved them to St. Andrews by schooner, and nailed them together again. The year was 1783.

Calef, a medical pioneer, inoculated five hundred of his fellow citizens against smallpox soon afterward, and was pleased that only three of them died.

St. Andrews was just getting on its feet when Maine raised an outcry about the boundary line. The Treaty of Paris

stipulated that the border at this point should be the river where Champlain wintered on an island in 1604. It was generally supposed that this river had been the St. Croix, but Maine contended that it was actually the Magaguadavic, thirty miles to the east. This would have placed St. Andrews within the U. S. But La Coote, a renegade French nobleman who had married an Indian, knew that Champlain had been on Dochets Island, in the St. Croix. He led Robert Pagan—a member of the New Brunswick Assembly—there and the two of them dug up a musket-

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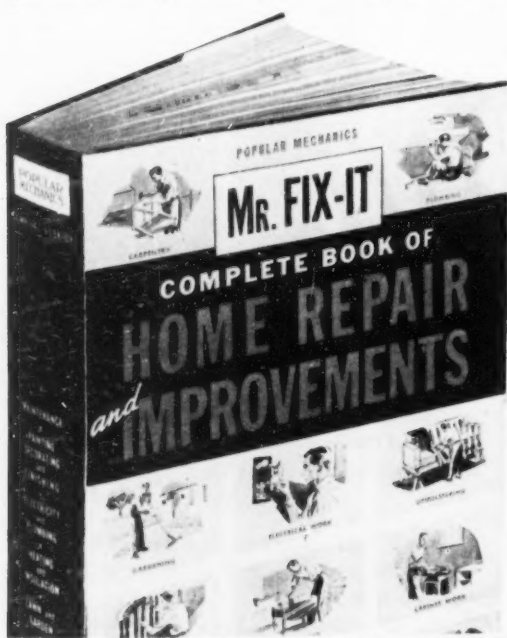
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ball, a metal spoon and a clay pitcher left by Champlain. This evidence kept St. Andrews in Canada.

Samuel Andrews, an Anglican clergyman who had been persecuted in New England as a Tory, stole the royal coat of arms of Wallingford, Conn., because he didn't want it in the hands of rebels. He had it with him when he arrived at St. Andrews in 1786 and it hangs there today, in All Saints' Church. Andrews lived on an island which has ever since been called Minister's Island, and which is joined to St. Andrews by a sandbar that is exposed only at low tide. Every Sunday, with his wife behind him on a pillion, he crossed the bar on horseback to hold services.

The Presbyterians had no church of their own and Andrews let them use his. Then, at a public dinner, a member of his flock who had imbibed too much Jamaica rum declared that the Presbyterians, being Scottish, were "too mean to build a church of their own." Up sprang a furious Scot, Christopher Scott, from Greenock, sea captain and trader. He announced that the Presbyterians would have a church that would put that of the Anglicans to shame, a church just like that in Greenock—and he would pay for it himself. Greenock Presbyterian Church at St. Andrews, with the green oak of Greenock carved on its white façade, is now as quaint and attractive as any church in Canada.

St. Andrews flourished in the first half of last century. At one stage its population reached six thousand, which made it one of the important centres in British North America. It had sawmills, shipyards and Canada's first paper mill. Its fine natural harbor was busy with sailing vessels and it exported fish and lumber to the West Indies and Britain. John Wilson, who owned ships and mills, had a manor house surrounded by a deer park, and several other dwellings were almost as impressive.

Like neighboring towns in both Maine and New Brunswick, St. Andrews refused to take part in the War of 1812, but the British constructed a series of wooden blockhouses there. Guns that shot twenty-pound balls were mounted on the walls, but none was ever fired and all the balls, much later, were lugged off as souvenirs by tourists. The main effect of the war of 1812 on St. Andrews was that the community for the next fifty years had a British garrison whose dashing young officers were much admired by the local girls.

Henry Goldsmith, a nephew of poet Oliver, and a poet of sorts himself, drifted into the town in its early days with his wife and six children. He had decided to abandon literature and start a sawmill. He rented a shack for his family and went off to raise money for his enterprise. This took so long that Mrs. Goldsmith and the kids had nothing to eat but wild berries and clams they dug on the sand flats. Then Mrs. Mehetable Calef, the doctor's wife, took them in. She must have been pretty tired of Goldsmiths by the time Henry reappeared. He had been gone six months. Henry never did get his mill going and he finally packed up his brood and sailed for England.

Another oddity, whose real identity is still a mystery, was Charles Joseph Briscoe. That, at least, was the name he used. He had no visible means of support but was seldom without funds. He rode through the streets of St. Andrews on a white horse, sitting in the saddle with royal dignity, and let it be known that royal blood flowed in his veins. When he died he left instructions that his private papers, which were in sealed envelopes, should be buried with him; then he wanted his grave opened in fifty years and the

papers read by officials so that his identity would be revealed. There was great excitement the day the grave was opened, but the papers were so mildewed and faded nobody could decipher them. The only clue was an ivory miniature of King George IV. This prompted the theory that he was a son of George and Mrs. Fitzherbert, who were secretly married.

St. Andrews hoped to be the chief Atlantic port of British North America and by 1835 John Wilson was proposing a railway to Quebec. He even imported laborers from Ireland to build it but his scheme failed. Saint John and Halifax, picked as the eastern terminals of the transcontinental railway lines, became the ports. Although a branch line was later run into St. Andrews, the town by then had begun to wither and its population was declining.

In the 1860s a number of its large houses were for sale for a song. Two were bought by Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Leonard Tilley, both Fathers of Confederation, as summer places. Tupper and Tilley were the forerunners of the summer folks.

In 1888, when the future of St. Andrews looked bleak, a Boston ivory miniature of King George IV. This prompted the theory that he was a son of George and Mrs. Fitzherbert, who were secretly married.

Capitalists from Boston
Have said, "We'll buy the town,"
And millionaires from Calais
Have planked their money down.

The St. Andrews Land Company, backed, as the verse suggests, by investors in Calais, Me., built The Inn, as the Algonquin was originally called. Then in 1890 two extraordinary men visited St. Andrews. One was William Cornelius Van Horne (later Sir William), the other Thomas George Shaughnessy (later Lord Shaughnessy)—the second and third presidents of the CPR. They relaxed in the cool salt breezes of St. Andrews, were enchanted by the scenery, and resolved to make the place their personal playground.

Van Horne purchased Minister's Island; Shaughnessy bought Fort Tipperary, the quarters of the British garrison. The CPR purchased The Inn, christened it the Algonquin Hotel and tacked two wings onto the building.

A Moon By Breakfast

On his island Van Horne spent a fortune creating the most flamboyant and luxurious seaside haven in Canada. The mansion there is so big you could easily get lost in it. The Indian rug in the living room is so heavy that eight strong men are needed to lift it. The granite fireplaces in the main rooms are fifteen or twenty feet wide and at either side of these are ornately carved Italian pillars, covered with gold leaf. In the living room there's a grand piano fitted with a player attachment—Van Horne liked to sit and pump the pedals while he gazed through the windows at his gardens.

On all the walls there are huge pictures with gilt frames, at least half of them painted by Van Horne, one of the most enthusiastic and prolific amateur artists this country ever had. His studio is still there, just as it was when he was alive, with his paints and brushes in a massive oak chest—an Italian antique which bears the date 1642.

Van Horne had boundless energy and seldom slept more than two or three hours. One night when entertaining friends he announced he intended to stay up and paint the moon shining on Passamaquoddy Bay. Next morning when they came down for breakfast the picture, finished and framed, was hanging in the dining room. It's still there, four feet by five.

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Scooped out of solid rock on the island shore below a cliff is a swimming pool. A stone tower with a circular stairway rises to the top of the cliff.

When Van Horne died in 1915 his daughter Adeline, a huge jolly woman, summered at St. Andrews until her own death after World War II. Minister's Island will be inherited by a great-granddaughter of Sir William when she comes of age. Meanwhile it is rented each year to Thomas Mathis, a former New Jersey senator, and his brother-in-law Maja Berry, a former judge, both of Toms River, N.J. They ban the sight-seers whom Adeline had always welcomed.

The Shaughnessy estate, far more modest than the Van Horne, is now the home of the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy. Shaughnessy retained part of Fort Tipperary, but tore down the officers' quarters and barracks and built an impressive residence.

As for the Algonquin, the hotel which was the pride and joy of Van Horne and Shaughnessy, it operates only from June to September and has rarely shown a profit. The original structure was burned forty years ago and was replaced by a much more elaborate and fireproof building, to which there have since been additions.

The rates at the Algonquin are steep, up to twenty dollars a day. But, at the height of the season, it has to turn business away and, according to the manager, Pat Fitt, the guests stay longer than at any other hotel in Canada. The regulars who come year after year generally remain for six weeks or two months.

The hotel's Sunday evening buffet suppers are a St. Andrews institution and draw most of the social set. The wives of the rich appear sparkling with diamonds and decked out in the more expensive creations of Dior, Fath and Schiaparelli.

Algonquin guests swim in Katy's Cove, an arm of Passamaquoddy locked in by a dam. There, the notoriously cold water of Passamaquoddy is heated by the sun, and a string orchestra serenades the bathers.

Besides the Algonquin and the Commodore, St. Andrews has smaller places like Forest Lodge, a spacious home-stead converted into an inn.

The vacation trade is the town's economic mainstay. The rich employ more than a hundred hedge trimmers, gardeners and handymen, keep the Algonquin humming, and spend so freely that the sales volume of the merchants doubles in July and August. And thousands of tourists who aren't rich flock to St. Andrews to have a look at the celebrities and peep through the cedar hedges at the mansions. Most of the notables discourage them with icy stares and no-trespassing signs, but Senator Cairine Wilson likes to see the visitors have fun. She leaves the gates of Clibrig open. Her estate has two miles of drives which wind through

rows of tall trees past gardens, orchards and duck ponds.

The shops of St. Andrews aren't striking from the outside but, in a way, they are a tourist attraction too. O'Neill's grocery store, which dates from 1823 and is called the Modern Food Market, is a case in point. It displays delicacies from all parts of the world—Dutch meats, French truffles, Russian caviar, green turtle soup from the West Indies flavored with Spanish wine, orange-blossom honey from Florida, ravioli from Italy, cheeses from half a dozen countries, and everything imaginable to mix or eat with drinks.

A few doors away at Cockburn's drugstore there are shelves of costly and exotic perfumes—not the kind usually stocked for a community of fourteen hundred.

Fraser Keay, the mayor of St. Andrews, and Jack Stickney both have china stores with plates priced up to fifty-five dollars apiece and dinner sets priced up to two thousand dollars. Stickney's shop was started by a relative who wore, on special occasions, a silver suit. For extra-special occasions, he had a gold suit. Among the summer folks of his day was Charles Bonaparte, great-grandnephew of Napoleon, and they vied with each other in sartorial splendor. Charles had a white umbrella.

Another St. Andrews store keeps scores of farm women in funds. It's the Charlotte County Cottage Craft, an organization run by Kent and Bill Ross. They took it over in 1945 from Miss Grace Helen Mowat, who launched it thirty-five years ago with capital of ten dollars. She revived weaving and other handicrafts among farm wives, supplying them with designs and raw materials and paying them for their finished work. Today it is a thriving enterprise.

Grace Mowat, who has had two books published, is one of St. Andrews' three authors, the others being David Walker and Guy Murchie. St. Andrews also has more than its share of scientists for it's the site of the chief fisheries biological station on the Canadian Atlantic coast, with a permanent staff of twenty-five biologists.

Another of the little town's claims to fame is that it is the biggest lobster-shipping centre in North America. Conley's Lobsters Ltd., founded more than a half a century ago by Edward Conley, who is now in his eighties, buys about six million pounds of live lobsters a year and expresses them as far away as the Pacific coast. Most of the hotels, restaurants and night clubs in Canada and the U.S. serve Conley lobsters.

In the summer in St. Andrews the natives are too busy catering to vacationists to enjoy the weather or the scenery, but in winter, when the Algonquin and all but a handful of the mansions are shuttered and empty, they relax, and groups like the St. Andrews Music, Art and Drama Club come to life. This club won the award for the best costumes in the 1952 National Drama Festival.

The natives prefer the winter. "Summer folks," one of them explains, "are wonderful people. They're our bread and butter. But the kind we get here can pay for service and want a lot of it—and giving service can tire you out."

The late Jack Ross, a barber, used to close the season a bit early—unofficially, of course. By mid-August he'd start sitting outside on the steps of his shop, trying to look as though he didn't know the difference between clippers and a mowing machine. If a stranger asked him when the barber would be in he'd shrug unhappily.

"I couldn't say," he'd reply. "That fellow's so darned unreliable you can't depend on him at all." ★

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The Porcupine Gets Away With Murder

Continued from page 19

the cactus as a comic-strip gimmick, there is nothing funny about the result. Every day, somewhere in the woods, some animal or bird of prey, mistaking the slow-moving porky for an easy meal, pounces on him and leaps back screaming with pain with hundreds of quills in his mouth, neck, tongue or talons.

Dogs are always getting it good and many an infuriated dog owner has sworn eternal and everlasting vengeance and death to the porcupine. At that, the dog is luckier than most animals. Although he deserves what he gets for pouncing, yapping and bawling on the porky just because he looks easy to lick, he always has a dog's best friend, man, standing by to pull the quills out. Other animals pay for their mistake with days of agony, frequently with their lives.

Porcupine quills range from two to four inches long and look something like a stripped chicken feather with a black tip. They are loosely attached at one end to the porky, needle-sharp and ready for business at the other, with hundreds of tiny barbs, visible only beneath a powerful glass, that work the point through the flesh at the rate of about an inch a day. The porcupine carries about thirty-four thousand quills concealed in his hair everywhere but on his stomach and the underside of his tail. They're tough enough to stick into hard wood that would buckle a nail.

Last summer a farmer's wife near Dagmar, Ont., found a porcupine in the woodshed at night and belted it with a broom handle. In the morning she found the broom handle bristling like a bottle brush. The porcupine's quills grow so abundantly that nobody has ever seen even a partially bald porky, even just after he's given someone the full treatment. Last year near Parry Sound four men, including a veterinary surgeon, worked two and a half hours pulling the quills from the face of a hound that had attacked a porcupine while on a deer hunt. They counted more than one thousand quills.

The quills are not poisonous, as many people suppose, but will cause festering and infection the same as any other open wound and if they hit a vital organ they cause instant death. Worse than that they cause such painful swelling of the tongue and throat that many animal victims of porcupine quills die of starvation. A few years ago two timber cruisers working near Longlac, Ont., found a black bear lying dead below a rapid surrounded by fish that he'd caught with his paws but had been unable to eat because his jaws were so swollen and infected from porcupine quills. He had starved to death. The paws of bears that have been shot are often full of quills. Any bear that has had experience with a porky remains terrified of him for life. Bears will shy away from a garbage dump that a porky carcass has been thrown on.

There are many species of porcupines all over the world but there are only two species in Canada: the typical Canada porcupine of the east and the western porcupine which, except for a slightly more yellow hue, looks exactly like the eastern one and is just as stupid, although it has never been admitted by anyone from the west, where everyone thinks it is a story invented by Toronto.

The porcupine looks like a beaver



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"It really hurts his pride to be taken out of a game."

that has been up all night, and usually appears as an untidy looking bundle moving around a tree as slowly as a return of overpayment on income tax. Although his life span is only twelve years he always seems an old party. He has middle-aged spread, wears conservative black, he's a bit grey on top, and he moves as if he wasn't as young as he used to be. He climbs with a nasty scuffling sound, using his tail the way a hydro lineman uses his spurs. He has a blunt face, short soft underfur, very long coarse outer hair, concealed in which are the quills, which are specially developed hairs themselves. He looks just like his wife, who is very dowdy and looks just the same all seasons: in fact, the whole family is about as dull as you can get.

But then the porcupine doesn't have to be bright. Like the turtle, the armadillo and the skunk, he hasn't had to depend on speed, skill or brains to survive, and has just relaxed. Some animals seem to have no fear whatever of the quills and wade into him like a punchy fighter, taking everything he can dish out and going around with quills in their head. The occasional bear or panther will put up with a fist full of quills for a taste of porky meat, and wolves have been found to have quills bristling thick in their throats. But the only animal who can take the porky regularly and without getting hurt is the fisher, a big lightning-fast member of the weasel family.

Stories about the fisher's peculiar immunity to quills, which even include one about the quills arranging themselves in neat harmless little bundles in a fisher's digestive tract, are as mythical as most things about the porky. A quill is a quill, and flesh is flesh, whether it's on a fisher, dog or human. But the fisher does attack the porky without hesitation and in a deft businesslike way, getting his paw under porky's unprotected stomach, flipping him over and disemboweling him.

The porky has very little possessive sense. He lives in a cave, but he lets it get dirty with old quills and droppings and if he finds a tree that he likes he's liable not to go home for days. Because of his quills he floats like a cork, but his slothlike gait makes forest fires even deadlier to him than to most animals.

He sometimes gets stuck with his own quills, but he's pretty handy at getting them out with his paws and teeth. Baby porcupines are born fully equipped with quills, but are born in a membranous sac. They can climb up a tree in a day or two, but it's weeks before they can get down without help from Mamma.

When the porcupine is really mad he'll sometimes back toward his enemy,

his tail thrashing. Occasionally when someone climbs a tree after him he'll start backing down. Last year a guest at a summer camp near Lake of the Woods passed up an evening in town with friends for a quiet evening at the camp with a book. Disturbed by a noisy porky he crawled up a tree after it with a flashlight. The porky started down. The man swung with his flashlight, knocked the porky off the tree, lost his balance, dropped the flashlight, lost his own footing, fell through the dark, right onto the porky. He was still working at himself in a mirror, and only part way through the job, when his friends arrived home after midnight.

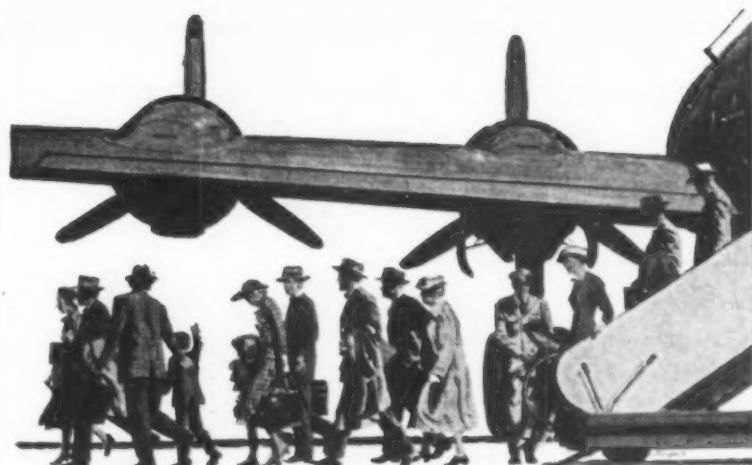
There are all kinds of theories about the best way to get the quills out, including a fancy one of cutting the ends off and letting the "compressed air" out, but so far no air has been found in them above atmospheric pressure, and the only way still seems to be the painful laborious process of pulling them out with pliers.

The porcupine's chief food is the bark and twigs of hemlock, although he also eats willow and other trees and thoroughly enjoys an occasional lollypop of lily pads. But it's his main course, hemlock, that gets him into trouble because he kills many trees by girdling them, but not nearly as many as he's charged with. One porcupine will stay all winter in three or four trees. Not only that but he doesn't always kill the tree he's feeding in because a large part of his fare is made up of leaves and twigs off branches he has cut down.

Another thing, a porcupine has terrible table manners and strews the place where he's eating with twigs, which are a prized find to winter-hungry deer who can't reach the upper branches. A weak and unfit deer can pull through the winter because of the clippings. And, finally, the total damage done over five years by seventy-eight porkies to a 4,062-acre study area in the Anna and Archer Huntington wildlife experimental station of Newcomb, N.Y., was thirty-five cents per acre—the annual damage, a little over seven cents an acre, or about a twentieth the cost of a deck of canasta cards.

All in all, like most forms of wildlife, the porcupine isn't nearly as bad as he's frequently supposed to be. He won't even wreck places for salt, some authorities say, if provided with a salty stump to chew on, and he's as typical of the Canadian bush as birch-bark, blueberries and camp-cooked beans.

He doesn't like company, but there's nothing really wrong with him if you just don't press the point. ★



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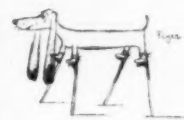
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Want the Moon?—A radio commentator refers to a "promising political leader." Is there any other kind?—*Calgary Albertan*.

True Story—Almost anything can be found in history, somewhere—except an instance of a powerful adversary being won over to the reasonable view by appeasement.—*Victoria Colonist*.

From The Dugout—Progress involves risks; you can't steal second base and keep your foot on first.—*Halifax Mail Star*.

You Said It—Why is small talk handed out in such large quantities?—*Brandon (Man.) Sun*.

Tall Tales—Someday someone is going to match a travel folder against a seed catalogue to see which is the bigger liar.—*Toronto Star*.

Rose-Colored—What people see through glasses all depends on how many times they fill them, and with what.—*Kingston (Ont.) Whig-Standard*.

And The Foot Out—The best way to save face is to keep the lower part of it shut.—*Rouyn-Noranda (Que.) Press*.

Alimony Allegory—There was the Hollywood star who lived happily and married ever after.—*Vancouver Province*.

Rat Race—You can run into debt, but from there on you have to crawl.—*Ontario Hydro News*.

Quick-Change Artist—Little Angus was given a new dollar bill for his birthday. At the local drug-store he had the bill changed into silver; then he crossed to the grocer and asked for a bill for the change. He repeated the process at other stores several times. Finally his father asked for an explanation. "Well," said Angus, "sooner or later someone is going to make a mistake and it's not going to be me."—*Welland (Ont.) Tribune*.

Hounded—Answering his door bell a man found an old friend and a large dog standing on his porch. "Come in!" he said.

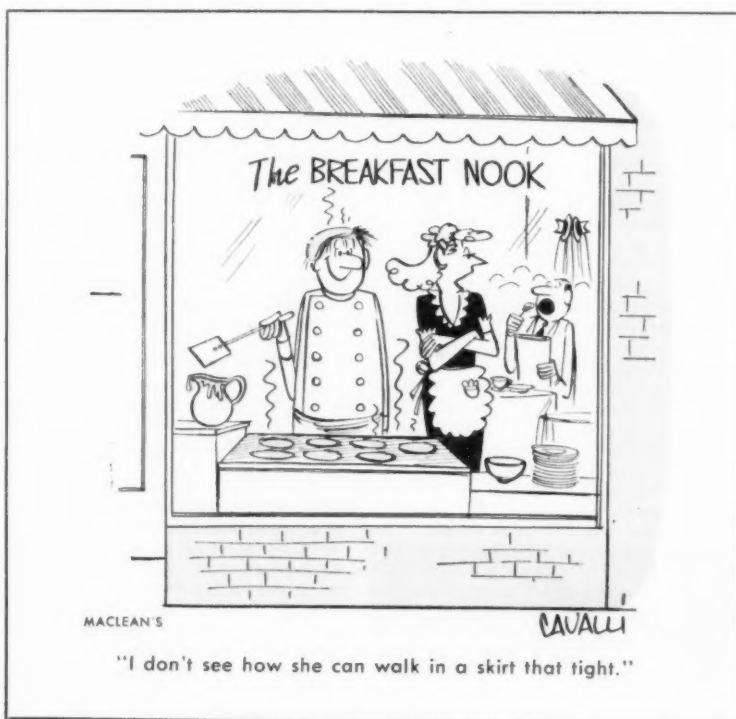
The friend came in and sat down. The dog knocked over a bridge lamp and several knickknacks, finally made himself comfortable in one of the best chairs.

When the guest rose to leave the host asked with a touch of sarcasm, "Aren't you forgetting your dog?" "Heavens, I thought he was yours!"—*Vancouver Province*.

Some Feat—Johnny's teacher told him to put on his own overshoes. He did his best but later was told he had his shoes on the wrong feet. "But, teacher," he protested, "I haven't got any others."—*Holden (Alta.) Herald*.

Caged—First convict: I've been behind bars for fifteen years now. Second convict: But only yesterday you told me you've been here five years!

First convict: Yes, but I was a bank clerk for ten years.—*The Montreal Star*.



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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 3

already had bitter experience with "outsiders" who come into the Republican Party as glamour boys. The unwritten rule of U. S. politics is that however bitter the fight for the nomination the losing faction joins the winner afterward and the winner holds no real grudge but accepts them into the party's hierarchy.

Wendell Willkie, the glamour boy of 1940, did not observe this rule. He had most of the old-line professionals against him, the same men who fought Eisenhower in Chicago, but when Willkie carried the convention they came around to headquarters to get their orders and their campaign money. They got neither. "We already have a Willkie Club operating in your area," they were told. After Willkie was beaten they had no trouble ousting the amateurs who had butted in, but they have not forgotten the lesson: Never trust an amateur.

The words "amateur" and "professional" are unfair to Senator Taft and over-favorable to General Eisenhower, in so far as they imply that all Taft's strength came from self-seeking ward heelers and Eisenhower's from dewy-eyed idealists.

There were few dewy eyes among Eisenhower's backers at Chicago. Their main selling slogan was simple and blunt: Eisenhower can win. This was no back-room secret, either; they blazoned it from the housetops. One of their favorite battle songs went to the tune of I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover (a Taft tune in 1948):

Taft is a loser,
A four-time loser,
And we want a victoree,
So take Eisenhower.
The man of the hour,
And victory for GOP.

Indeed, it could be argued that there were more cynical opportunists on Eisenhower's side than on Taft's. It was admitted that a vast majority of regular Republican workers, the kind who are delegates to conventions, would much rather have had their old friend Bob than the man they spoke of, but not to, as "Ike." They chose Eisenhower because they thought he could win, and for no other reason.

The real idealists in the Republican Party were the other of those two categories who would go along with Zweifel's preference for defeat with Taft over victory with Eisenhower.

They are the people who used to be isolationists and who would be now if they could. They now admit that the United States cannot resign her world leadership, but they'd be inclined to do as little of it as possible. If no longer isolationists they are at least American nationalists—not internationalists.

They are the people who are against the New Deal and Fair Deal and the whole Democratic record, root and branch. They are called reactionaries, and the word is probably just, for they would like nothing better than to restore the ways of 1927 (or perhaps of 1908). The fact that they know this cannot be done, that much of the social legislation of the past twenty years is here to stay, only deepens their nostalgia for the good old days.

Whatever you may think of these attitudes on foreign and domestic policy you must accord a certain sympathy to their demand: "Give us a choice. Give us a chance to vote against these things we've been opposing for the last twenty years or more."

In a way, it might be said that the issues of the United States election itself were fought out at Chicago. ★



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MAILBAG



MEMORIES OF OSWALDTWISTLE

I thoroughly enjoyed McKenzie Porter's article, I Belong to Oswaldtwistle (July 1) and Len Norris, illustrations, even if in places it did savor of a tackler's tale.—Edward Lockley, Victoria.

P.S. Ask the author for his definition of a tackler's tale.—E.L.

Tacklers, men who fix broken-down looms, have earned a reputation for stupidity because they seem to the nimble-fingered weavers to be so slow and clumsy. Lancashire humor, which often centres on a dim-witted character, has produced a thousand legends about them. McK. P.

• Nostalgia. The squeak-boom of the zinc bathtub buffeted on its rusty nail by the ceaseless pounding of wind and rain; the sticky beer-impregnated piano keys at the local pub; the call of the self-appointed singsong MC, "Quiet, gentlemen, please. A good singer on his feet;" Mrs. George, our toothless knocker-up.

Other notables of Oswaldtwistle: Johnny Bray, English International soccer player; Eddie Paynter, cricketer of M.C.C. and England fame; and Billy Howarth, the famous trick jumper of circus glory, who placed eggs on the roof of a hansom cab and, without the aid of springboard or ramp, jumped over the cab lightly, bouncing on the eggs as he passed, cracking the shell without breaking the egg.

May I thank McKenzie Porter for a sensitive and faithful article.—Jim Feather, Willowdale, Ont.

• Ah doant belong ta Oswaldtwistle but Ah knows a good thing when Ah sees it—an', ba gum! Ah laughed fit ta burst when Ah read McKenzie Porter's bit abaht t' old town. Yon chap Norris made no mistake either when he showed t' inside o' t' Horse Shoe, wi' t' missus drawing a pint o' t' best for one o' t' regulars.—Harry Home, Strathroy, Ont.

• It carried my wife and myself back home. I was born in Dill Hall Lane, Church, and attended Church Kirk School and during my term we had a master by the name of John McKenzie Porter—any relation of yours?

My wife was born in New Lane, Oswaldtwistle, and attended New Lane Holy Trinity School. Her father is buried at New Lane Churchyard. Her name was Brindle. Her father was killed at Aspin Pit.

Getting back to your article, which I can honestly say is quite true, even today I call my wife a Gobbin, in fun of course. I played football with Oswaldtwistle Club, with such boys as Billy Vinton, Billy Ratcliffe the Butcher, Bert Dewitt, also a butcher, Jack Groves, a dentist, and, as for myself, I am a barber located here in Brantford.—Mr. and Mrs. Bill Broadley, Brantford, Ont.

John McKenzie Porter is my father.—McK. P.

• Not even Oswaldtwistle could get any programs from American-type TV antennae.—R. M. McGuire, Winnipeg.

Accidentally Latin

The very interesting article by June Callwood (How To Save Your Child's Life, May 15) begins with the following sentence: "The country's biggest killer and crippler of children is no longer a disease with a Latin name—the word is accident."

Just to keep the record straight: the names of most diseases are Greek. I mention only a few—rheumatism, poliomyelitis, phthisis, marasmus, pneumonia, thrombosis, myocarditis, paralysis.

But the word "accident" is Latin.—G. H. Sadler, Smiths Falls, Ont.

Lavender Hill Gets Sweeter

I am very much interested in your articles on movies by Clyde Gilmour. His rating of the movies is the first



thing I turn to. However, I am very confused because in the June 1 issue Gilmour rates The Lavender Hill Mob as "fair," but in the June 15 issue this show is rated as "excellent." Has this show improved that much in two weeks?—Jennifer Wright, Alberni, B.C.

It was really excellent all the time. Fair enough?

Down the Ottawa Drain

Your magazine and Blair Fraser have earned the thanks and appreciation of the overexploited Canadian taxpayer for the exposé on parliament waste in Backstage at Ottawa (June 15).

We now know that we have at least one honest man (Ross Thatcher) in the Commons at Ottawa—one of 260. His own party, by its disowning him, goes on record as being opposed to honesty or economy in public affairs.—Walter F. Hart, East Sooke, B.C.

P.S. to Herr Weidner

Congratulations to your excellent letter to Heinz Weidner (Editorial, July 1). It is a "hell of a good answer." Myself an immigrant, I have never heard or read a better one. Has anyone translated the letter into German as yet? If not, I am going to translate it myself to send it to the Canadian Government Immigration Mission, in Karlsruhe, Germany, with the request to make it available to the immigration applicants.—L. Viefhaus, Montreal.

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Report From the Sweatshop

After reading Sidney Margolius' article, *Home—The Last Sweatshop* (July 1), I decided to put some of this theory into practice, and I would like to report the results.

The work station is certainly a time-saver, as are the long-handled dustpan and waxer, but self-polishing wax is definitely not. When I use paste wax I need only mop my floors and wax once a week, but liquid wax necessitates scrubbing and waxing twice a week, as the finish quickly wears off.

Open cupboards are no help either. It may save movements when there are no doors to open, but shelves get dirtier faster and have to be washed more often.

Stacking dishes in the sink sounds good in theory, but when I tried it I found the dried food stains much harder to remove; also, although I scraped each dish carefully, the dirty dishes attracted ants.

On the whole I consider that it would do Mr. Margolius good to spend a month in an average household, doing all these wonderful things himself. I hope he gets ants too.—Nellie Grist, Hamilton, Ont.

● Most wives do not want any male cluttering up their kitchen during either the morning clean-up or the getting of any meal, though they do welcome a little help after evening dinner—not as washer-up but as a very slow drier. For men, with all their speed, show little of it in the drying task. If there is anything a wife resents in the evening it is the husband who wanders off serenely to the radio or his newspaper, leaving her every last thing to do before she too can sit down.—Eleanor B. Reihie, Edmonton.

● I would like to see Mr. Margolius and his efficiency experts remove these two demanding jobs—the preparation and clearing away of meals three times a day, seven days a week, and the care of babies and small children all day every day. Until these experts can eliminate completely one work day a week, they have no right to blame the housewife for inefficiency.—Mrs. Irene Kelman, Vancouver.

Beaucoup de Bouquets

There is no magazine comparable, for Canadians. In comparison to U. S. publications—or perhaps I should say "certain"—it is like reading the Bible.—Mrs. E. M. Nolan, North Vancouver.

● May I tell you what pleasure your magazine has given me, for seven years now. The newspapers in England, because of the shortage of paper of course, are all so much-of-a-muchness. The articles are too short and too scrappy and very few long interesting articles of the outside world are printed in them.

Therefore, I heartily enjoy your articles. I can feel the strong tang of clean Canadian winds when I read them. This drab industrial town that I live in, on coaly Tyneside, vanishes

and I am in a strange exciting world, as when I read *They Sometimes Murder But Never Steal* (March 1)—the vanishing Eskimos of the Hudson Bay hinterland.

And the humorous articles! We badly need to laugh more over here. We take our troubles (and our pleasures) too seriously. I do enjoy a humorous article and, if I am in a bus or tram when I'm reading, I have to laugh. Then all the passengers turn and give me a very frozen stare. It is not good form to laugh in a bus.

Oh my! I have read so much about Canada, and Canadian people, and



thought so much about the wide open spaces "over there." Look what you have done, Maclean's: I am turning into a Canadian.—Mrs. Ethel Graham, South Shields, Eng.

The High Cost of Being Sick

I read with interest, as no doubt did many others, *The High Cost of Being Sick* (June 15). I could not help thinking, however, that the writer, Sidney Katz, was not tough enough, or critical enough, of the unethical doctor and surgeon who thinks more of gouging the sick, and less of his Oath of Hippocrates—not caring that it has degenerated into the Oath of Hypocrisy! Nevertheless, it was a good story . . . But what, one may ask, is the net result? Is there any follow up? Or is the public following the usual path of least resistance, and promptly forgetting what it has read? Will it result in the medical profession getting a twinge of conscience and lowering their terribly high fees?—G. Heidman, Ottawa.

● You have certainly scored a journalistic bull's-eye.—Prof. C. H. Hendry, School of Social Work, University of Toronto.

● When you mentioned Associated Medical Services in your article on Health Plans you did not point out that the list of exclusions and waiting-periods necessary on the "900" (or family) plan did not apply on the organization's group plans for business and industrial groups. Most subscribers are on A.M.S. group service, where there are virtually no exclusions on the employee himself and few on his dependents. Group rates are also lower than those quoted for the family plan.—Joseph A. Hannah, MD, Associated Medical Services, Toronto. ★

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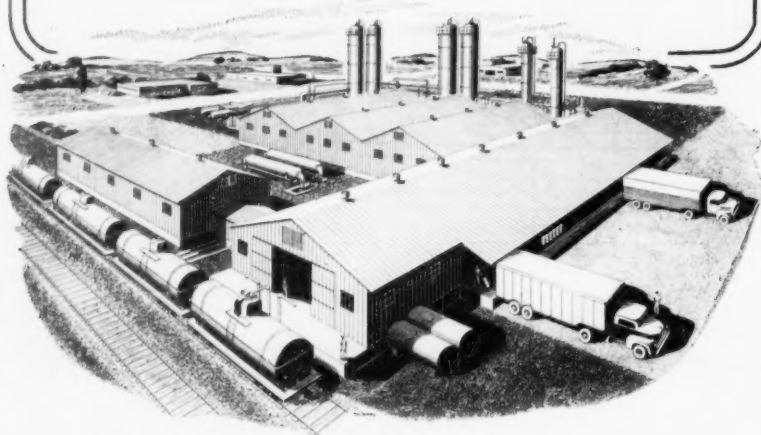
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U. S. customs officials keep a sharp border watch for attempts to smuggle displaced persons from Canada to the U. S. At Niagara Falls, Ont., two Italians paid twenty-five dollars each to a sharp operator who told them he could get them over to the other side. He put them on the aerial car and they swung across the Whirlpool Rapids, jumped out on the other side and ran for their lives—unaware that the territory on that side is Canadian too.

Late one evening a Toronto woman was crossing a footbridge over a deep wooded ravine. To her horror she saw a man ahead of her, jumping up and down and gesturing extravagantly. Determined to prevent a



suicide, she rushed forward crying, "Don't jump! Maybe I can help you!"

The man swung around and, with a cold stare, enunciated carefully, "Madam, please go away. I am practicing a three-minute speech for my public-speaking course."

The northern Quebec village of Peribonca was so overcrowded with construction gangs working on hydro developments that the former home of Maria Chapdelaine was somehow rented to an Irish couple who couldn't speak French. One Sunday morning the shocked tenants found fifty sight-seers swarming through the house in response to the invitation in French nailed over the front door.

At Aldershot, Ont., four small girls were scheduled to indicate the title of a kindergarten play by holding up cardboard signs spelling out S-T-A-R. Just before they marched on the stage a young teacher decided that the smallest child should lead, so she wheeled the line around, end for end. The puzzled audience read that the play was called R-A-T-S.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

The wife of a Vancouver lawyer baked a cake and told her maid, a new Canadian, to take it to a widow whose son had just returned from Korea. She enclosed a note which said "Congratulations on getting your boy back." The maid returned in tears to report that the widow had refused the present. The lawyer solved the mystery. The maid had delivered the cake by mistake to a woman whose son had just finished a long term in prison where the lawyer, as prosecuting attorney, had helped to send him.

A Halifax woman who had enjoyed her stay at a small Nova Scotia tourist hotel sent the proprietor a dozen bowl covers made of plastic fabric for covering dishes in the refrigerator. On her next visit she noticed that the waitresses were wearing them as caps.

Out west wild animals seem to be losing their fighting spirit. A group of hunters near Blackie, Alta., were closing in on a coyote when it disappeared. They went back to the farm where the hunt had started and found that the coyote had taken refuge in the barn. And a farmer near Nanaimo, B.C., recently shot a cougar which had been treed by three angry cows and a small dog.

A spectator was questioning a Belleville, Ont., fireman who was relaxing for a minute after helping to put out a blaze which had apparently started in a chesterfield. "Cigarette?" asked the onlooker.

"Don't mind if I do," said the fireman.

A Vancouver woman had been staying with her married daughter in Oregon for six months and was



due to return to Canada when she developed a bad cold. Her son-in-law went to the immigration office to ask for an extension of her visit. The request was granted. "Any man who has had his mother-in-law on a six-months' visit," the immigration officer decided, "and wants her to stay longer should be allowed to keep her."



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